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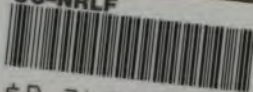
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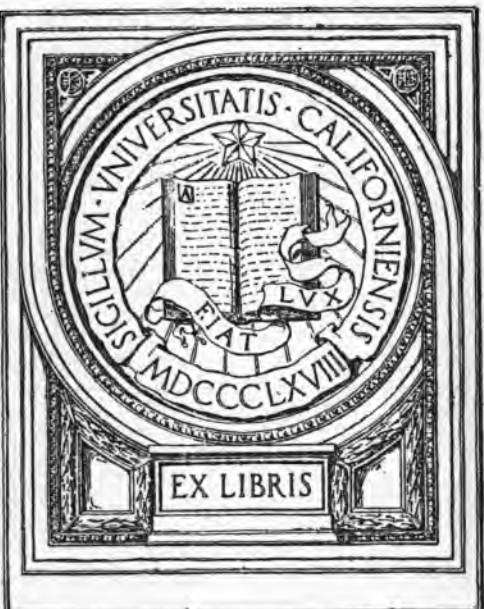
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KEMBLE.  
SMILES AND TEARS.



# Smiles and Tears;

OR,

## THE WIDOW'S STRATAGEM:

A COMEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS;

AS PERFORMED AT THE

**Theatre-Royal, Covent-Garden,**

**TUESDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1815.**

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BY MRS. C. KEMBLE.

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LONDON:

PRINTED FOR JOHN MILLER, 25, BOW-STREET,  
COVENT-GARDEN.

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1815.

[Price Two Shillings and Sixpence.]

TO VINDICATE  
THE DOCTRINE OF

London: Printed by B. M'Millan, }  
Bow-Street, Covent-Garden. }

## PROLOGUE.

BY JOHN TAYLOR, ESQ.

SPOKEN BY MR. ABBOTT.

---

If, as our Drama's Sov'reign Lord proclaims,  
The Scenic Art to copy Nature aims,  
To shew the times their manners as they pass,  
And characters reflect, as in a glass,  
To paint the world in all its motley strife,  
The gay and dread vicissitudes of life;  
Here Vice in splendour, Virtue bent to earth,  
Here pining Want, and here luxurious Mirth;  
Here airy Fashion and her gaudy shows,  
Here Maniacs sportive 'mid the worst of woes;—  
Then must the Comic Muse from Nature stray,  
When Laughter holds an undivided away;  
For such, alas! are all the scenes around,  
And where can pleasure unalloy'd be found?  
Still man must struggle with a chequer'd fate,  
Whate'er his climate, and whate'er his state.  
Hence, if to-night our Author should appear  
To deviate rashly from his proper sphere,  
If he suspend the ludicrous and gay,  
And at the shrine of Pity homage pay,  
Yet Truth and Reason with his cause defend,  
And, spite of formal Custom, heed his end—  
Not from the Drama seek for barren joy,  
Which, to the mind well-balanc'd, soon will cloy,  
But, in the words of an Illustrious Sage,  
Whose works shall moralize each future age,  
All lighter feelings of the heart forego,  
“ For useful mirth and salutary woe.”



## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

<i>Mr. Fitzharding,</i> .....	Mr. Young.
<i>Sir Henry Chomley,</i> .....	Mr. C. Kemble.
<i>Col. O' Donolan,</i> .....	Mr. Jones.
<i>Mr. Stanly,</i> .....	Mr. Fawcett.
<i>Mr. Delaval,</i> .....	Mr. Abbott.
<i>Roberts,</i> .....	Mr. Jefferies.
<i>Jefferies,</i> .....	Mr. Treby.
<i>Keeper,</i> .....	Mr. Atkins.
<i>Lady Emily Gerald,</i> .....	Mrs. C. Kemble.
<i>Mrs. Belmore,</i> .....	Mrs. Faucit.
<i>Cecil Fitzharding,</i> .....	Miss Foote.
<i>Mrs. Jefferies,</i> .....	Mrs. Gibbs.
<i>Fanny,</i> .....	Miss Seymour.

SCENE,—London and Richmond.

TIME,—One Day.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

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I AM too proud of public approbation, not to put my name to a production so highly honoured by the applause which it has received; but I should be wanting in candour as well as gratitude, were I not fairly to acknowledge the sources from which that applause has chiefly been derived. To Mrs. Opie's beautiful Tale of *Father and Daughter*, I am indebted for the serious interest of the Play; upon a French Piece in one Act, entitled *La Suite d'un Bal Masqué*, some of the lighter scenes were founded—to the exertions of the Manager, and the talents of the Performers also, I unquestionably owe much; and it is no small addition to the pleasure which I feel in the success of the Piece, that I have an opportunity of subscribing myself, their much obliged,

And truly humble Servant;

MARIE THERESE KEMBLE.

Craven-Hill,  
Tuesday, Dec. 19, 1815. }

*N. B. In the hurry of publishing, the preceding Advertisement was omitted by the Publisher, in some of the early Copies.*

Bow-Street, Covent-Garden, }  
December 22, 1815. }



# SMILES AND TEARS.

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## ACT I.

### SCENE I.

*Delaval's Apartments.*

DELAVAL and JEFFERIES, *discovered.*

*Jef. (Shutting a Secretary.)* I DON'T see the letter any where, Sir.

*Del.* Have you look'd over all the papers?

*Jef.* I have, Sir; and there is certainly no letter with your father's seal upon it: I think, Sir, you must have dropp'd it out of doors, for I have searched every place within, in vain.

*Del.* Heaven forbid!—there are some secrets contained in that letter, which, published, would prove neither creditable to my fame or beneficial to my interests (*Aside*)—Let a more diligent search be made after it, d'ye hear? I would not have it lost for the world. [*Exit JEFFERIES.*

—'Tis very odd that I have not heard from old Stanly yet!—without encouragement from that quarter, I know not what will become of me! Lord Glenthorn, like a kind father, obstinately refuses to advance me one shilling—my creditors are already informed that I have lost my election, and they grow clamorous upon it: when I could

not be *compelled* to pay, they were glad enough to be civil.

*Re-enter JEFFERIES, with Letters.*

*Jef.* The post is just come in, Sir, and has brought half a dozen letters from the old borough (*Significantly*).

*Del.* The privilege of escaping the persecution of duns, makes a seat in Parliament a desideratum of no mean value ; but to lose the election, and yet be obliged to disburse, neither suits my humour or my finances—'tis cursedly provoking, to be sure. (*Opening one of the Letters.*) What have we here ?

“ SIR,

“ As a free and independent burgess, I insist upon my agreement : I am an Englishman,  
“ Sir, and always act according to my conscience ;  
“ and if I had thought you would have quitted  
“ the Borough without paying me the price of  
“ my vote, I should have felt it my duty to support the Ministerial Candidate. Your humble  
“ Servant, when you pay him,

“ PETER PLUMPER ! ”

—Well said, Independence ! Here, Jefferies, put Peter Plumper, and the rest of this incorruptible fraternity, behind the fire. Any more duns ?

*Jef.* No, Sir ; none but our constituents this morning. I beg pardon, Sir, but I forgot to give you this letter, which came last night from Mr. Stanly.

*Del.* And why the devil, Sir, did you forget ? when I told you over and over again of what consequence it was to me to hear from that quarter. (*Takes the Letter from him and reads it*).

## SMILES AND TEARS.

*Jef. (Aside)* I wish I could have kept it from you altogether ; I fear it bodes little comfort to poor Miss Fitzharding.

*Del.* Have you found my father's letter yet ?

*Jef.* No, indeed, Sir ; I have searched all your pockets—emptied every drawer and closet, but all to no purpose.

*Del.* It must be found ; I would not lose it for the universe. Go, go, and look for it again.

[*Exit JEFFERIES.*

—This brings some consolation, however, and deserves a more attentive perusal. (*Reads it aloud*)—" My dear Delaval, I have felt the ground, as I promised, with Lady Emily, and find her by no means averse to the thoughts of a second marriage. I shall return to Richmond to-morrow, whither I have prevailed upon her to accompany me : the sooner, therefore, you make your appearance there, the better. My long intimacy with your father, induces me to use every endeavour to be serviceable to you ; and in my niece, tho' perhaps I ought not to be her panegyrist, I dare assert you will find wealth without ostentation, beauty without pride."—Ay, ay, and what I prize above them all, an unincumbered income of four thousand a year. I'm beholden to you, however, old Stanly ; and sincerely hope your endeavours may prosper ; but I have no relish for revisiting Richmond. My adventure there, is still too recent ; and my being seen about Lady Emily, will revive among the gossips of the place, every circumstance relative to Cecil's elopement ; but yet, the deranged state of my affairs requires that I should take this step. At any rate, a marriage with Lady Emily will enable me to make a settlement upon poor Cecil and her

child—to place her above the fear of want, shall be the first use to which I will apply my newly acquired wealth.—Let me see what says the “Fashionable World”—(*Takes up the Newspaper.*) “Richmond—We have authority to contradict the report of Mr Fitzharding’s marriage; that unhappy gentleman having, in consequence of the seduction of his only daughter, been deprived of reason, is at this moment, an inmate of the lunatic asylum.”—How! Cecil’s father a maniac? what have I to answer for? I had the article respecting his marriage inserted, to persuade Cecil that her father had ceased to lament her—should this refutation meet her eye, I know not to what fatal extremity her feelings may impel her!

*Enter* JEFFERIES.

*Jef.* Sir Henry Chomley, Sir.

*Del.* Why did you say I was at home?

*Jef.* I did not know you wished to be out, Sir.

*Del.* Order my horse to be saddled immediately—should any message come from my father, bring it after me to Blackheath.

[*Exit* JEFFERIES.]

*Enter* Sir HENRY CHOMLEY.

*Sir Hen.* Did I hear you say you were going out, so early too? I thought no one had been restless but myself—I want half an hour’s conversation with you.

*Del.* It must be some other time then, my dear Chomley; for at present a very particular engagement carries me from home.

*Sir Hen.* Don’t let me prevent you. I heard

you say something about Blackheath, as I came in; and as my horses are at the door, I'll ride with you, and we can talk as we go.

*Del.* You must excuse me, Chomley; I am under very peculiar circumstances, and for the present, must decline the pleasure of your company.

*Sir Hen.* Why then 'tis clear, your are going to meet your man or your woman; in both cases, you may confide in me; for I'll neither send the Bow-street officers after you, if it prove an affair of honour, or elope with your mistress, should it be an assignation—for Oh! I am already so desperately in love.

*Del.* In love? ha ha! you? and with whom?

*Sir Hen.* I don't know.

*Del.* What's her name?

*Sir Hen.* I can't tell.

*Del.* Where does she live?

*Sir Hen.* Can you inform me?

*Del.* What are her connexions?

*Sir Hen.* Men and women, I suppose.

*Del.* Where did you see her?

*Sir Hen.* No where, my good fellow; that's a happiness I'd give the world for.

*Del.* Psha! this is your last night's dream, and I am by no means certain that you are awake now.

*Sir Hen.* Yes, but I am; and awake to the reality of being the wretchedest dog alive, too, unless I can gain some account of my charming incognita. I met her at Lady Brellington's masquerade; where, in the most tantalizing manner, she persisted in concealing from me both her name and rank—I enquired of every body; every body had admired, but nobody knew her. Last night, however, I learn'd that you were the fa-



your'd mortal who waited upon her to her carriage; and unable any longer to restrain my curiosity, I have flown upon the wings of impatience for the complete and instant gratification of it.

*Del.* Lady Brellington's masquerade! let me see, whom did I take that night to a carriage? Oh! the old Dowager of—

*Sir Hen.* Dowager be damn'd! do you think I would fall in love with a Dowager?

*Del.* The case is by no means uncommon, now-a-days, but stay—perhaps it was crooked little Mrs.—

*Sir Hen.* No, no; it was no crooked Mrs.—but a divinely proportioned figure, that might have lent additional charms to one of Titian's graces.

*Del.* Oh, that was my mother.

*Sir Hen.* The devil it was!

*Del.* Yes, all in black.

*Sir Hen.* Black! no; the woman I mean, had a sort of a thing—that is, it looked like a kind of a—faith I never knew how to describe a woman's dress in my life—but I know she had something on—

*Del.* Probably; tho' what, by your description, it is not very easy to define—but now I recollect, I led Lady Emily Gerald to her carriage; who, by the way, was so inimitably well disguised, that even I, tho' I am perfectly well acquainted with her person, should have been as much puzzled to discover her, as yourself, had not her Uncle, old Stanly, let me into the secret.

*Sir Hen.* Lady Emily Gerald! and you are acquainted with her? then you can tell me—nothing of her wit and person, I have already *felt* the power of those—but her face, my dear fellow, her face—

*Del.* An angel's!

*Sir Hen.* I know it, I know it—but detail, detail—

*Del.* Forehead, white as alabaster, smooth as ivory, eyes beaming with sweetness and expression; an aquiline nose, teeth like pearls, with a bewitching dimple on each side of her ruby lips, that—

*Sir Hen.* Say no more; I'll have her, whether she be maid, wife, or widow—tell me, is there a husband to poison?

*Del.* No, nor to cuckold; which is the more fashionable practice of the two—she is a widow, with a noble fortune too, I can tell you.

*Sir Hen.* Curse fortune! I have enough for both.

*Del.* (*Aside.*) What an absurd idiot am I! to tell him all this, and raise an obstacle to my own views on Lady Emily—this must be remedied.

*Sir Hen.* My horses are at the door, I'll go and call on her directly—where does she live?

*Del.* In Ireland.

*Sir Hen.* That's rather too far, for a morning visit.

*Del.* I should think so.

*Sir Hen.* When does she return?

*Del.* I don't know.

*Sir Hen.* I'll tell you what, Delaval, it is quite clear that you don't choose to know; and the reason is obvious; you are in love with her yourself—but tho' you don't think proper to answer my enquiries, I shall soon find those who will, I warrant me!

*Del.* (*Constrainedly.*) You totally mistake my motive, my dear Chomley; 'tis my regard for your happiness, that keeps me silent. Lady

Emily's beauty is undisputed, but I should be sorry, be very sorry, my dear friend, to see you fall a sacrifice to so artful a character—she is the arrantest coquette—why she broke her husband's heart.

*Sir Hen.* So much the better! If he hadn't died, she couldn't have been a widow, and I shouldn't now be the happiest dog in the universe.

*Del.* If you have such a passion for widows, why don't you close with Mrs. Belmore, and reversing the natural order of things, put an end to all disputes by marriage?

*Sir Hen.* (*Rings the Bell.*) Weugh! you have given me a surfeit, which even the thoughts of my beloved Lady Emily will hardly enable me to overcome—give me leave to write a short note to Counsellor Pother (*sits down*)—But for these cursed consultations with my lawyers, I might have followed her all the world over—what should a man in love do with a law-suit? Now, more than ever, do I detest this Mrs. Belmore, for preventing the pursuit of my enchantress.

*Enter JEFFERIES.*

*Jef.* (*To Delaval*). Did you ring, Sir?

*Sir Hen.* (*Writing*) Send my horse up—Psha! I mean, my groom.

*Jef.* I will, Sir—*your* horses are at the door too, Sir. [*Exit JEFFERIES.*]

*Del.* Very well; I am sorry to leave you, Chomley, but, as the case is urgent, I know your good nature will excuse me; so fare you well; and if you should make a trip to the sister kingdom, I wish you a prosperous voyage! but if you will take a friend's advice, you will stay

where you are, and put the fair widow, Lady Emily, entirely out of your head.

[*Exit DELAVAL.*

*Sir Hen.* (*Seals the Note, and rises.*) That you wish me to do so, I am fully persuaded—but advice and physic are equally disagreeable to me, and I never take either, if I can possibly avoid it. It is evident, Delaval wants to mislead me—she is no more in Ireland, than I am.

*Enter Sir HENRY's Groom.*

—Here, put this note into the first two-penny post-office you come to—Do you know Lady Emily Gerald?

*Groom.* Can't say as how I does, Sir Henry.

*Sir Hen.* Do you remember where she lives?

*Groom.* No, I don't Sir Henry, 'cause I never know'd.

*Sir Hen.* You are a stupid blockhead! Go, knock at every door from St. James's to White-chapel, till you find it out; and as you go, Sir, if you chance to meet a beautiful figure, with an alabaster forehead, an aquiline nose, a piercing eye, with lovely dimples on each side her ruby lips, that's she—follow her home, bring me word directly where she lives, or I'll kick you to the devil!

[*Exit Sir HENRY.*

## SCENE II.

*A Room in Lady Emily's House.*

*Enter Lady EMILY, and Mr. STANLY.*

*Stan.* (*As he enters.*) That's not the point, Lady Emily; that's not the point.

*Lady E.* But, my dear Uncle, there need be

no argument upon a subject upon which we are already agreed. I have told you twenty times, that I have no objection whatever to marrying again.

*Stan.* Then, why won't you accept of Delaval?

*Lady E.* Because, I have told you as often, that I have great objections to him.

*Stan.* But your objections are not founded in reason, Emily; upon his father's, Lord Glenthorn's death, he will enjoy both title and fortune.

*Lady E.* Then, let him bestow both upon one possessing neither, Uncle.

*Stan.* (*Growing warm.*) That's as you mean to do, Emily; that's as you mean to do—I can see as far into a mill-stone as most folks; you have a preference elsewhere.

*Lady E.* Well, Sir, if that really be the case—join that preference upon one side, to my aversion upon the other, and then calculate how insuperable an obstacle it raises to the accomplishment of your wishes.

*Stan.* This Colonel O'Donolan, who is on the Staff in our neighbourhood, has done the business, 'tis plain; but you'll repent it Emily—a hot-headed Irishman—

*Lady E.* You will not surely make that a *reproach* to him! till time shall have obliterated the records of our days, while any trace remains of the bright achievements destined to adorn the future pages of our history, gratitude will endear the name of Irishman to every lover of his country's glory!

*Stan.* O'Donolan is a spendthrift for, all that—over head and ears in debt!

*Lady E.* A proof of credit, Sir!

*Stan.* So is the National Debt, I have heard ; but I wish it was paid for all that !

*Lady E.* Well, at any rate Sir, a hot-headed spendthrift, is better than a cold-hearted libertine—but I never believed that Colonel O'Donolan had any thing to throw away.

*Stan.* No, no ; every body knows that :—yet, beggar as he is, he no doubt endeavours to make you believe, that his passion for you is entirely disinterested—but he is a deep one, tho' he makes no show of it ; now Delaval is an honest fellow—

*Lady E.* Tho' *he* makes no show of it—every body, my dear Uncle, yourself excepted, does justice to Mr. Delaval's total carelessness of even appearing to possess any principle.

*Stan.* Hey, hey ! Emily—I never heard—

*Lady E.* No, my dear Sir ; because, being the simplest, most upright character yourself, your ears are shut against the report of villainies, of which your heart can scarcely credit the existence—do not confound me with those scandal-mongers, who are never so happy as when they can relate a tale of slander, at every word of which, “ a reputation dies,” or with those wretched beings, who, having themselves infringed the laws of morality and religion, are delighted to find a fellowship in vice ; but there are circumstances—I do not wish to detail them—which render it impossible that I should ever marry Mr. Delaval—as your friend, I shall receive, and shew him every attention, which respect for you can suggest—but it must be distinctly understood, and I hope you will take particular care that it is so by Mr. Delaval, that his visits here, can only be sanctioned under that character.

[*Exit.*

*Stan.* I can't comprehend what this means—there's something in it; for Emily is not apt to be ill-natured—and yet, I never heard—but then I have been a long time in India, and as she says, never enquire into these things, and upon principle; for if there were fewer listeners to detraction, there would not be so many detractors—O, here comes Mrs. Jefferies; I wonder whether she has at any time heard Emily speak of Delaval: when I was a youngster, the Lady Abigail was a very important agent in a family, but since ladies can write their own love-letters, I fancy the office is fallen into disrepute.

*Enter Mrs. JEFFERIES.*

—Good morning, Mrs. Jefferies, good morning! your Lady and I have just had a bit of a squabble—you must know, I think it a shame she should remain a widow any longer.

*Mrs. Jef.* There's many gentlemen of your mind for that, I fancy, Sir; but if my mistress takes my advice, she'll keep as she is—I would have every woman marry once, because it's as well to know the nature of things; but she's a fool that tries it a second time.

*Stan.* What! if things have answer'd, Mrs. Jefferies? now I should think that a good husband—

*Mrs. Jef.* Law, Sir; bad's the best; but whether good, bad or indifferent, a husband is still a master; and give me freedom I say.

*Stan.* I am sorry to find you are of that opinion; for I wanted you to second me in persuading Lady Emily to accept Mr. Delaval.

*Mrs. Jef.* Who? Lord Glenthorn's son, Sir? not I indeed: and he can be no friend of my Lady's, who would recommend such a match.

*Stan.* Do you know him then, that you speak so decidedly?

*Mrs. Jef.* I know more than's good of him—why, Sir, are you one of the Governors of the Lunatic Assylum at Richmond, and never heard the story of Mr. Fitzharding? Poor old soul! he little thought when he laid the foundation of that building, that it was, one day to become his own wretched residence! and who has he to thank for it but that vile wretch, Delaval?

*Stan. (Warmly.)* Don't judge too hastily; I hate scandal, Mrs. Jefferies—a slanderer's tongue is like a raging fire, that withers every thing it touches—most active when it seems extinct, it undermines the structure of the fairest reputation, blackening even that which it has not power to destroy. You may have been misinformed.

*Mrs. Jef.* That's very likely indeed; when my own husband is valet to Mr. Delaval, and when I have been constantly living in the midst of it all.

*Stan.* That alters the case, to be sure; but I had always understood that the failure in his circumstances, had deprived Mr. Fitzharding of his senses.

*Mrs. Jef.* No such thing, Sir; 'twas his daughter's elopement that drove the poor gentleman mad; and then, and not till then, the bank went all to smash! every thing was seized and sold; even the very mansion which you live in at Richmond, fell into the creditor's hands.

*Stan.* What! did my house belong to Mr. Fitzharding?

*Mrs. Jef.* O yes; for many years, Sir.

*Stan.* Poor fellow! the last time I saw him, he was very differently lodged—his habitation was a



cell, a truss of straw its only furniture. How came his daughter to forsake him ?

*Mrs. Jef.* O, Sir, it never could have happened, had she remained under her father's care, for she doated upon *him* even more, if possible, than he did upon her ; but being compelled to take a long journey, he placed her under the care of an old crabbed maiden-sister of his, who, (when she first discovered Miss Fitzharding's attachment to this Delaval, with whom she had frequently danced at our Richmond balls), instead of giving her good advice and mild treatment, had recourse to every kind of harsh usage ; confined her to her own room, and denied her the company of her friends, the use of pen, ink, and paper.

*Stan.* The stupid old fool ! not to know that difficulties are the food of love, and opposition the whetstone of disobedience. I always hated old maids, and now I know the reason why.

*Mrs. Jef.* Delaval was but too well pleased at this restraint ; it put him upon stratagems and contrivances, and he very soon contrived to get her out of the window, under pretence of carrying her off to Gretna-green ; but before he had got fifty miles on his way, he found, poor man ! that he had forgotten his pocket-book ; and consequently, not having money enough to proceed to Scotland, he must bring her to London, and place her in a quiet lodging till a license could be procured.

*Stan.* But that, I imagine, was dispens'd with ?

*Mrs. Jef.* It was, Sir ; and Miss Fitzharding is now a mother at eighteen years of age, without a friend, and probably destitute of common necessities ; for Delaval's a beggar, solely dependent on his father's bounty, who, informed of this connection, hopes to break it off, by depriving him of all means of supporting her and her child.

*Stan. (Very angrily.)* So, so, so ! and this is the fellow who has dared to solicit my good offices with Lady Emily. Why, the scoundrel should be hunted out of society ! O that the Legislature, which has so well protected the honour of our English husbands, would take the English father's case into consideration too, and brand the heartless wretch with infamy, who in the wantonness of vanity could rob a doating parent of his child, the blossom of his hope, the only stay and comfort of his age. I thank you, Mrs. Jefferies, for your story—it will save your lady some persecution, but it has given me a sad awkward feeling towards human nature.

*Mrs. Jef.* Law, Sir, I wonder your own experience has not taught you, that human nature is as good for nothing as it can be ; for instance now, was there ever any thing so abominable as Sir Henry Chomley's endeavouring to deprive that sweet woman, Mrs. Belmore, of her estate, and make an absolute beggar of her ?

*Stan.* Ah, Jefferies ! she is a sweet woman indeed ; and I'll tell you what I have been meditating—if she should lose her cause, and unfortunately be reduced to beggary, as you say, I have some idea of offering myself, as a trifling compensation.

*Mrs. Jef. (Laughs)* A very trifling compensation, I'm afraid, Sir.

*Stan.* Indeed ! you think, then, she would not have me ?

*Mrs. Jef.* Why, she has had one old husband already, and that's rather against her trying another ; don't you think so, Sir ?

*Stan. (Laughing.)* That depends upon circumstances—but I see you are a wag, Mrs. Jefferies.

*Mrs. Jef.* No, upon my word, Sir ; I'm a plain matter-of-fact person, and from what I see, I judge it would not answer.

*Stan.* Mrs. Jefferies, let me give you a bit of advice ; never judge of any thing but upon your own experience—for many a man besides the Prince of Denmark, “ has that within which passeth shew.” [Exit STANLY.

*Mrs. Jef.* Well said, old gentleman—he is as kind-hearted an oddity as ever lived !

*Enter Lady EMILY.*

*Lady E.* Did not I hear Mrs. Belmore come in a little while ago ?

*Mrs. Jef.* No, my Lady ; and her maid Mrs. Simkison is sadly afraid she won't come home time enough to accompany you to Richmond ; but she left word that she would follow you as soon as the consultation was over.

*Lady E.* Poor soul ! how she is tormented by this vexatious law-suit ; though she has been nearly six weeks in my house, I declare I have not enjoyed her society for as many hours, so entirely are her time and attention engrossed by it.

*Mrs. Jef.* Ah, my Lady, he must be a tasteless, ugly old fellow, that could find in his heart to persecute such a charming creature.

*Lady E.* No, Jefferies, not old, or ugly ; neither do I think the man entirely devoid of taste, for he is one of my most ardent admirers : what think you of his being my masquerade enamorado ?

*Mrs. Jef.* No, sure, my Lady ! and does Mrs. Belmore know this ?

*Lady E.* She knows that a *somebody* has followed me from masquerade to masquerade ; but

she has such a horror of the name of Chomley, he being her opponent in this law-suit, that I have never told her it was he; though I have drawn him on for the express purpose of bringing them together if I can.

*Mrs. Jef.* Lau! my Lady; to what end? if he is so desperately in love with you?

*Lady E.* Oh, he cannot be incurable; for he has never even beheld my face.

*Mrs. Jef.* But if you made a conquest of him under a mask, my Lady, your attraction is not likely to be weakened by shewing him your face; but poor Colonel O'Donolan! how he'll fret and fume when he hears of this!

*Lady E.* The Colonel will be very silly if he fret or fume about any such thing—he ought to be perfectly assured by this time, that I have the sincerest regard for him.

*Mrs. Jef.* If he isn't, every body else is, my Lady: to be sure he thinks your Ladyship has no objection to a little admiration.

*Lady E.* A great objection to a *little*; I like an abundance of admiration; it is the privilege of our sex—if the love of conquest were not inherent in our natures, common prudence would prescribe it as a necessary policy—to please all men, is the sure way to fix *the man who pleases us*—there's nothing like uncertainty—it quickens attention—a lover soon grows weary of an intercourse into which his mistress does not contrive to throw a little occasional mortification.

*Mrs. Jef.* Why then, Colonel O'Donolan will long remain attached to your Ladyship; for to be sure, you do plague him most handsomely sometimes—he will never get over your having concealed from him that you were going to the masquerade.

*Lady E.* I concealed it, because I had a point to carry, which his presence would have marred ; and when he knows the motive upon which I acted, I have no doubt even his jealous scruples will be appeased.

*Enter a Servant, with a Letter.*

*Serv.* The servant waits for an answer, my Lady.

*Lady E.* Very well ; Jefferies shall bring it to you. *[Exit Servant.]*

—I don't know the hand. (*Opens it.*) "Chomley !" So then he has found me out ! but what says he ? "Can you, Madam, forgive me, for having, contrary to your strict commands, sought to discover the enchantress whose spells have rivetted me so entirely within her power ? and were you not convinced, while you imposed the cruel restriction, how impossible it was to have seen and heard, and not hazard every thing to hear and see you again ? it was not in human effort to resist the impulse, and I have learnt in whom my happiness must henceforth centre—but alas ! how little will this knowledge advance my felicity, if you deny me the hope of being admitted to your presence—no, you will not be so obdurate as to force me upon expedients, which, though they may serve to multiply my perplexities, will never alter my determination of remaining eternally yours."—Admitted to my presence ! a modest request, upon my word ; yet if I refuse, what will become of my plan ? it will be impossible to persuade Mrs. Belmore to let me present Sir Henry Chomley to her. (*Ruminates.*)

*Mrs. Jef.* Is there any answer, my Lady ?

*Lady E.* Presently; it is the very thing—I protest it will do admirably, and yet, I fear she will never believe—but why not? I was mask'd, and if the worst come to the worst, we'll say it was a masking frolick—I'll venture it—the grand point is to get them to meet—the rest I leave to chance.—(*Writes an Answer.*)

*Mrs. Jef.* She seems delighted—she may say as she pleases, but I'll be hanged if the pleasure of the flirtation here, does not outweigh the desire to serve Mrs. Belmore, and it certainly is no small stretch of disinterestedness to give up a lover to forward the views of a friend.

[*Aside, & Exit.*

(*Lady EMILY reads the Answer.*)

“For reasons, which I am not, now, at liberty to divulge, I cannot receive you as Sir H. Chomley; but if you will consent to present yourself at my Uncle Stanly's at Richmond, under the assumed name of Grenville, I shall be happy in the honor of receiving you.—I am, &c. &c.”

(*Folds it.*)

This is rather a strong measure—(*Re-enter Mrs. JEFFERIES, with a candle*)—but I think I am justified in hazarding a Stratagem, which may be productive of the happiest consequences, not only to my friend, but to Sir Henry himself. There, give this to the servant. [*Exit Mrs. JEFFERIES.* I must let Jefferies into my plans, or she may set her wits to work and defeat my intentions.

*Re-enter Mrs. JEFFERIES.*

*Mrs. Jef.* Sir Henry's man has got the note, my Lady.

*Lady E.* I have appointed Sir Henry to come

to Richmond, but as he will probably present himself under a feigned name, you will be so good as not to speak of it.

*Mrs. Jef.* Lau ! my Lady ; what, in disguise ?

*Lady E. (Aside.)* That's an interpretation I was not prepared for : if I don't take care, I shall have the credit of being engaged in an intrigue—I have already hinted to you, Jefferies, that I have a scheme, by which I hope to put a stop to the law-suit between Mrs. Belmore and Sir H. Chomley—he never saw me but under a mask, and as he evidently did not know me, I mean, if I can, to pass Mrs. Belmore upon him for myself ; and, in order that she may not be compromised, I have contrived, that he shall appear before her under the name of Grenville—I have but one fear, which is, that O'Donolan should stumble upon him, which would at once put an end to the whole plot.

*Mrs. Jef.* Then quarrel with him, my Lady : he is of the true spaniel breed, and may be whistled back at any time.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* The carriage is at the door, and Mr. Stanly is waiting for your Ladyship.

*Lady E.* Very well ;—My shawl, Jefferies.

*Mrs. Jef.* Here it is, my Lady ; but I did not think your Ladyship would wear it any more—it is not good enough for *you*, Ma'am.

*Lady E.* Is not it ? Well—is it good enough for you, Jefferies ?

*Mrs. Jef.* Lau ! my Lady (*curtseying*.)

*Lady E.* There, there ; you may take it—and remember, Jefferies, that upon your discretion I implicitly rely.

[*Exit.*

*Mrs. Jef.* 'Tis a pity to lose any thing for want of a hint—and my Lady, to do her justice, takes one as readily as it is given—an Indian shawl! very handsome too!—Well, I'm sure I deserve it; for if one is denied the satisfaction of talking, one ought at least to be placed upon the secret service list, and handsomely rewarded for one's silence.

[*Exit Mrs. JEFFERIES.*]

END OF ACT I.

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## ACT II.

### SCENE I.

*A Room in a Neat Cottage.*

FANNY, *discovered looking through the Window.*

*Fan.* Dear, dear; what can keep Mr. Delaval so long to day? He didn't use to be so late—I've looked, and looked till I've cried my eyes blind—My mother too not returned! why I could have gone there and back again, twice in the time; but she would have the pleasure of telling Mr. Delaval the doleful tidings herself. If some of 'em don't come soon, I shall go beside myself—Hark! sure I heard the trampling of horses, (*goes to the window*)—the powers be praised! its Mr. Delaval come at last—but, Lord, Lord! how shall I ever be able to tell him what has happened?

*Enter DELAVAL.*

*Del.* I am late to day, Fanny; I was overtaken, on my way hither, by an express from my father;



who, I fear, is on the point of death. I have, therefore, but a few moments to command—is Miss Fitzharding in her own room?

*Fan.* (*Crying.*) Oh, Sir!

*Del.* What is the matter? Cecil is not ill, I hope, has any thing happened to the child? Let me know the worst at once. Miss Fitzharding—

*Fan.* Is gone away, Sir!—

*Del.* Gone! Whither?

*Fan.* Heaven only knows, Sir; she was very low after you went away last night, and had two of those frightful fits; from which, my mother and I could scarce recover her—however, we did get her about again—and, after a time, she seem'd tolerably composed; so much so, indeed, that, upon her insisting I should go to bed, I left her; but I shall never forgive myself for it—had I stay'd by her bed-side, she couldn't have got away, as she did, in the middle of the night (*crying*).

*Del.* In the middle of the night, do you say?

*Fan.* Ay, that it must have been;—I thought I heard a noise in the house, like somebody walking about, and I listened; but as I'm very timorous, and apt to take fancies into my head, and as the great dog didn't bark, I thought, to be sure, I had been dreaming—Little did I fancy that, when I should go into Madam's room in the morning, I should find both her and baby vanished: such a stormy night, too! she must have been perish'd before she got half way across the heath; for she took nothing with her but a shawl.

*Del.* And did she drop no hint of her design? Say nothing, from which you might gather what she purpos'd doing?

*Fan.* Not a word, Sir; she cried a good deal over the baby, and kiss'd it very often as she put

it to bed ; which, for all we could say to her, she always did herself—but that we were not surprised at ; for she would often taken it in her arms and say, “and will you break *my* heart ? will you desert *me*, as *I* deserted my poor father ?” And then, the tears would roll one after another, down her cheeks, in such big drops, that we that stood by could not help crying too.

*Del.* (*Wiping away a tear.*) Poor Cecil ! where is your mother, Fanny ?

*Fan.* Gone after you, Sir ; I can't think how you happen'd to miss of one another—she has got a letter for you.

*Del.* From Miss Fitzharding ? Oh ! why didn't she wait my arrival ? It may afford some clue to her retreat—how long has she been gone ?

*Fan.* Since ten o'clock this morning : as Miss hadn't rung her bell at seven, I thought she was in a comfortable sleep—I wondered too, that I didn't hear the child ; but at nine, hearing neither of 'em stir, a chill, somehow, came all over me ; and I thought I would go and see if they were getting up—finding the door open, I went up to the bed-side ; but mother and babe were both gone,—without money too ; for here's her purse, and the ring which she always wore upon her wedding finger, left behind.

*Enter JEFFERIES.*

*Jef.* I beg pardon, Sir : I've brought poor Mrs. Jennings home. Your mother, Fanny, is very unwell—you had better step to her.

[*Exit FANNY.*

—The poor old woman is seriously indispos'd, Sir, and I thought you wouldn't be displeas'd at my accompanying her home—she was on her way to our house with this letter, when she was

taken ill, and forced to turn back again. (*Gives him the Letter.*)

*Del.* Heaven be praised ! it is her hand and seal ; (*opens the cover, and finds his Father's Letter, which he enquired so anxiously after in the first Scene of the Play. Reads*)—" Your ready acquiescence, my dear son, with my desire to see you married"—Confusion ! my father's lost letter ! the letter I was so anxious to find—this explains the motive of her flight : my poor, poor Cecil ! what is become of her ? overwhelmed by the conviction of being deserted by the father of her child, may she not have devoted herself and her innocent offspring to an untimely death ! and am I not accountable for this double crime of murder and of suicide ? I am, I am !—Barbarous father ! it is you, who have heaped this load of guilt upon me ; it is you, who have plunged me into this abyss of horror and despair !

*Jef.* O, Sir, spare yourself the regret of having reproached your father's memory—Lord Glenthorn is no more !

*Del.* What do you say, dead ?

*Jef.* You had scarcely quitted his chamber, this morning, when turning to Lady Glenthorn, he utter'd in a feeble tone, " I am happy—Deval has proved himself a son, and may the blessing of a dying parent communicate to his heart, that peace and comfort which his filial duty now imparts to mine"—he wished to add something more, but the words expired upon his lips, and he breathed his last—and now, my Lord—

*Del.* I cannot weep for him ! No, Cecil is lost, and what is all the world to me ? a void—dreary and cheerless as my own bosom ! what have I to do with rank and splendour ? I, who ought to crawl upon the earth, shunn'd and detested by the

human race—I, the betrayer, the destroyer—the thought is frenzy—oh! that it were! come madness! and with your hottest fires consume the worm that gnaws my tainted soul! O come and free me from this conflict of the brain, this agonizing torture of reflection!

[*Exeunt DELAVAL and JEFFERIES.*]

## SCENE II.

*Stanly's House at Richmond.*

*Lady EMILY and Mrs. BELMORE, meeting.*

*Lady E.* Bless me, Mrs. Belmore! why you are here almost as soon as we are—but how jaded you look, my dear creature!

*Mrs. Bel.* I am indeed fagg'd out of all spirits.

*Lady E.* But have you done any thing; are you satisfied as you proceed?

*Mrs. Bel.* How is it possible to be satisfied in the midst of so many contradictory opinions? you know it is a question which involves not merely affluence, but the very means of my existence—that hateful Sir H. Chomley!

*Lady E.* I did not understand that he had been so much to blame; it was his father who commenced the action against Mr. Belmore, wasn't it? mine is mere hear-say information, though, which, nine times out of ten is erroneous; and, as you never thought proper to speak upon the subject—

*Mrs. Bel.* I had so firm a reliance upon Mr. Belmore's judgment, that I never interfered in matters of business.

*Lady E.* There, my dear, in my opinion, you were to blame; I am far from thinking a wife

should have the sole direction of them ; but a voice, in all that are of importance, no reasonable husband can deny her—your interference might perhaps have prevented this law-suit.

*Mrs. Bel.* I doubt not ; my husband was positive as to his right ; old Chomley, equally convinced of the legality of his pretensions ; the lawyers were interested in persuading their clients that each had a good cause—obstinacy is the infirmity of age, so they found no difficulty in cutting out work for themselves ; and, as very soon after, I lost my husband, and Sir Henry his father, I unexpectedly found myself involved in a law-suit, the event of which may be my utter ruin.

*Lady E.* I wonder you never endeavour'd to settle the matter amicably, with young Chomley—I hear, he is a very good sort of man, tho' now I recollect, I have heard you say you don't know him at all.

*Mrs. Bel.* No ; I never even saw him, and very sincerely hope I never shall. That meddling old man, General Harding, on his return to England, took it into his head that a marriage would be the shortest way of ending our disputes, and without consulting me, wrote to Sir Henry to propose the match—now, as the General is a relation of mine, Sir Henry will never believe that I did not know of, and even authorize the measure—I declare, I never think of it, but I am in a perfect fever !

*Lady E.* Poor General ! he meant it well, no doubt.

*Mrs. Bel.* But you will acknowledge, my dear Lady Emily, that without much pretension, it is not very flattering to one's vanity, to be rejected ; which has certainly been my case ; and probably in no very delicate terms—for the General, with

all his zeal in my behalf, never ventured to shew me Sir Henry's answer. O! here's Col. O'Donolan!

*Lady E. (Aside.)* How unlucky! if Sir Henry should walk in now, I shall be in a fine scrape.

*Enter O'DONOLAN.*

*O'Don.* Are you visible, Lady Emily? I fear I'm breaking in upon you.

*Mrs. Bel.* No, indeed; we were upon that eternal subject, my law-suit; and it will be quite a relief to talk of something else.

*Lady E. (To O'DONOLAN.)* Are you engaged this evening, Col. O'Donolan?

*O'Don.* That's as much as to say, that *you* are this morning; and had rather I went away.

*Lady E.* How suspicious you always are! He's quite right, though *(Aside.)* What I meant was, that we shall have some very good music, and I thought you might like to hear it.

*O'Don.* I had rather hear the music of your voice with Mrs. Belmore, all three in a tête-à-tête—Oh! Lady Emily, that you had my taste for the quiet enjoyments of life!

*Lady E.* I'm much obliged to you; but I hate any thing so dull; I like society, it amuses me—doesn't it you?

*O'Don.* Indeed it does not, Lady Emily; I'm not an April-day, to laugh and cry at the same time—I can't be amused, while I'm upon the rack!

*Lady E.* But, my good friend, why will you be upon the rack?

*O'Don.* Why will I? O! and is it myself that wishes it? now here's Mrs. Belmore, who knows what a fool I am, and how distractedly I am devoted to you—she shall judge between us—Lady

Emily asks why I am upon the rack ; can I be otherwise, when a whole week will sometimes elapse, without my being able to obtain so much as a word or a look—I have been at her door every hour in the day—I have not gone away from it, before I have come back again ; and yet, I have not been able to catch a glimpse of her—my only chance of seeing her now, is in public places, or assemblies, where the devil a bit can I see her at all ; for she is so everlastingly surrounded by a herd of coxcombs, pouring flattery into her ears, that 'tis impossible to get near her.

*Lady E.* Why not you, as well as the rest of the coxcombs ? if you won't come, I can't drag you 'by the sleeve.

*O'Don.* Ah, now ! and did I ever expect it ? No, upon my honour ! — But a look,—if you would only give me a look, just to say, O, you're there, are you ! I should be satisfied : but no such luck for me !—it's a nod to one, a shake of the hand with another, a whisper to a third ! and while I am kicking my heels in a corner, I have the mortification of seeing her led off in triumph to her carriage by some stupid fellow, who would be deem'd too great an ass to stand behind it—then do I return home to pass a sleepless night, and dream of the miseries I've endured thro' the day.

*Lady E.* Poor O'Donolan, jealous even in his dreams ! Why, that's working double tides !—and how can you, with all this barbarous usage, persist in wishing to marry me ?

*O'Don.* Because I'm a madman, I believe.

*Mrs. Bel.* Not so ; but because you yet hope that time and your entreaties—

*Lady E.* Or the commands of a lord and mrs-

ter, when we are linked together, may work a wonderful reformation—but I foresee your jealousy will—

*O'Don.* Jealousy! O give me but an assurance that you will be mine, and I shall be for ever cured of jealousy.

*Lady E.* How little do you know the extent of your malady!—it is but two days ago that you display'd it in a paroxysm of frenzy, merely on account of my rencontre at the masquerade—

*O'Don.* No, Lady Emily, no; it was your concealing from me that you were going thither.

*Lady E.* Why, doesn't one always keep it a secret? What amusement can there be, but in the mystery?

*O'Don.* Besides, who could with common temper hear you commend the wit and person of a man, whose name you did not even know?

*Lady E.* O! didn't I tell you his name?—'tis Grenville.

*O'Don.* Some adventurer, I suppose.

*Lady E.* You suppose very wrongly—I am particularly well acquainted with all his connections—his father's estate is close to my uncle Stanly's.

*O'Don.* A mighty weak reason, for following him from masquerade to masquerade, for all that.

*Lady E.* Following him? You have a delicate manner of expressing yourself, Colonel O'Donolan!

*O'Don.* Well, then, for letting him follow you—'tis the same thing, I hope—isn't it?

*Lady E.* Not exactly, I apprehend; at least in this country.

*O'Don.* That's a reflection upon Ireland, Lady Emily, and I only wish you were a man!

*Lady E.* A very flattering wish from a lover to his mistress!



*O'Don.* Only for half an hour, I mean ; that I might have the satisfaction of calling you out.

*Lady E. (Aside)* I wish to heaven somebody wou'd call you out ; for 'tis plain you'll not go of your own accord.

*O'Don.* You should not dare to speak of Ireland in black or in white, without answering it to me—I'd have you to know, Lady Emily, that the women of Ireland are beautiful without art, free without impropriety, and virtuous without ostentation.

*Lady E.* Charming creatures !

*O'Don.* O ! you may say that, and tell no story—for they've the heads of men, the forms of women, and the hearts of angels !

*Lady E.* What a pretty description ! why you talk like a book ; a review, elegantly bound in calf.

*O'Don.* And when I speak of the men, I shall talk like an extraordinary gazette, I believe ; for that has published more than once to the world, how neatly they can fight—or like the parliamentary debates, when I tell you that they are eloquent orators, sound politicians, and incorruptible patriots.

*Lady E.* Bravo ! St. Patrick for Ireland ! They have their merits ; and I am free to confess, that, bating one solitary instance, I have generally found them extremely agreeable.

*O'Don.* And your exception is myself, I suppose—I knew it ; but whatever *your* opinion of me may be, I think tolerably well of myself.

*Lady E.* That's modest, at any rate !

*O'Don.* I didn't mean what I said—I only meant, that as long as I did nothing to forfeit my own good opinion, I ought not to forfeit that of others, nor be considered by any means so excep-

tionable as your Mr. Grenville, a fellow that nobody knows!

*Lady E.* Whom *you* don't know, you mean.

*O'Don.* One meets him, no where.

*Lady E.* I beg your pardon; I meet him every where.

*O'Don.* O! I dare be bound you do; I shouldn't wonder if he came here.

*Lady E.* He does? for once, you are right in your conjecture, and you may probably meet him here.

*O'Don.* Here! when?

*Lady E.* To-night.

*O'Don.* No—you are joking, sure.

*Lady E.* Not I, upon my word; I expect him.

*O'Don.* You do? and pray, who introduced him?

*Lady E.* He introduced himself.

*O'Don.* Talk of Irish impudence! what, he has been here already?

*Lady E.* No; but we have corresponded.

*O'Don.* Corresponded! now, I ask, I only ask, Mrs. Belmore, if this is not the sort of thing to drive a man wild?

*Lady E.* What sort of thing?

*O'Don.* To be clandestinely carrying on—

*Lady E.* Clandestinely? I beg, Sir, you'll govern your expressions.

*Mrs. Bel.* Nay—nay now—

*O'Don.* Excuse me, Lady Emily; but if in order to please you, it be necessary to banish all sense of right and wrong—

*Lady E.* It is, at least, indispensable, in order to be *endured* by me, to possess good manners.

*Mrs. Bel.* Now, my good friends—

*O'Don.* O! my dear Madam, no allowances are to be made for disappointed attachment!

*Lady E.* Your attachment is oppressive.

*O'Don.* Very well, Madam, it shan't oppress you much longer.

*Lady E.* I'm rejoiced to hear it—'twill be a great relief.

*O'Don.* O then! and you shall have it—in this disagreement, at least, we are of one way of thinking—'tis high time to make up my mind—

*Lady E.* I only wish you had done so long ago.

*O'Don.* It's not too late, Ma'am; I can shake off my bonds and live free—live happily, Ma'am!

*Lady E.* I'm glad to hear it.

*Mrs. Bel.* How can you both be so inconsiderate? my dear Emily, say but a word to him.

*Lady E.* Wherefore? I think Colonel O'Donolan quite right—I have often told him that our dispositions did not accord.

*O'Don.* You'll not deny at least, that there is some cause for jealousy, now?

*Lady E.* No, indeed; I will deny nothing.

*O'Don.* A jealous man deserves pity, at any rate.

*Lady E.* (*Contemptuously.*) You do excite my pity.

*O'Don.* And a coquette contempt—she ought to be shunned—

*Lady E.* Why don't you go?

*O'Don.* I will, Ma'am, I will; this last stroke has unsealed my eyes; I now see clearly—I will leave the field open for Mr. Grenville; and that he may meet no obstruction from me, I this moment bid you eternally farewell. (*Goes off, and returns*)—And after that, you need not expect to see me again.

[*Exit O'DONOLAN.*]

*Mrs. Bel.* (*Calling after him.*) Mr. O'Donolan! Mr. O'Donolan! He is really gone.

*Lady E.* Well, let him go.

*Mrs. Bel.* Indeed, you are to blame; why did you consent to receive this young man?

*Lady E.* And why not? am I to bury myself alive, to gratify Col. O'Donolan's jealous whims?

*Mrs. Bel.* No; but where a man is so devotedly attached as he appears to be, I think he merits some consideration—unless, indeed, you feel an interest for Mr. Grenville.

*Lady E.* Not the slightest; and I would put him off, but that O'Donolan's jealousies are so perfectly well known in the world, that my motive would at once be divined, and we should become the ridicule of all our acquaintance.

*Mrs. Bel.* You would rather have him suppose then, that this Grenville is a favour'd lover?

*Lady E.* On the contrary, I very much wish he were undeceived upon that point—But how? his reason is so perverted, that—Yet stay—there might be a way—but then I don't like to place you in so awkward a predicament.

*Mrs. Bel.* My dear Emily, you know I would do any thing to reconcile you.

*Lady E.* I will fairly confess to you, that I did not think of driving things to such an extremity.

*Mrs. Bel.* Then, at once proceed to the remedy—what can I do?

*Lady E.* Why then, it has occurred to me, that all difficulties would be overcome, if you would but consent to be my representative, and receive Mr. Grenville under my name.

*Mrs. Bel.* What an extravagant idea!

*Lady E.* Not at all; Mr. Grenville cannot possibly be offended at it; for we shall laugh it off as a masquerade frolic: O'Donolan himself will view it in the same light, and will then be so

ashamed of his unjust suspicions, that it may cure him of his jealousies for ever.

*Mrs. Bel.* If I thought that—but Mr. Grenville, I am certain, must at once detect the imposture.

*Lady E.* Impossible! I disguised my voice, never took off my mask, and my dress was so contrived, that I defy my most intimate friend to have recognized me—it will afford us all a hearty laugh, and what I know will have great weight with you, *it will serve me*, by setting poor O'Donolan's mind effectually at ease.

*Mrs. Bel.* I will hazard any thing to accomplish that; but I know, I shall commit every sort of blunder, so pray be near to assist me; and if I should fail—

*Lady E.* I'll answer for it, you will not fail; for the motive which prompts the endeavour will supply you with confidence for the execution of it.

She who can boldly dare in friendship's cause,  
Tho' unsuccessful, fails with all the world's applause.

[*Exeunt.*]

END OF ACT II.

## ACT III.

### SCENE I.

*Stanly's House at Richmond.*

*Lady EMILY, and Mrs. BELMORE.*

*Mrs. Bel.* I begin to think Mr. Grenville does not intend to favour us to day. It grows late.

*Lady E.* I am glad to see this impatience; it looks as if you entered into the spirit of the plot—but you forget that days at this time of the year are not remarkable for length, and the fashion of making morning calls by moon-light, very much in favour of his arriving yet.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* Mr. Grenville is at the door, my Lady, and wishes to know if you are at home.

*Lady E. (Aside.)* Thank heaven! he has remembered his assumed name—I have been in an agony lest he should walk in as Chomley. Say I shall be happy to see Mr. Grenville. [*Exit Servant.*]

*Mrs. Bel.* I declare I am quite in a tremble—you are not leaving me—no; Emily, that's not the agreement—(*To Lady EMILY, who is going.*)

*Lady E.* But for a moment—I must set Jeffries to keep my uncle out of the way—if he should walk in, it will entirely spoil the joke: I'll return instantly to second you. [*Exit Lady EMILY.*]

*Mrs. Bel.* How extremely awkward is this situation! I don't know what to say or do: there certainly is a great deal of levity in the proceeding, and I ought not to have lent myself to it.

*Enter Sir H. CHOMLEY!*

*Sir Hen.* Shall I not incur your displeasure, Lady Emily, in thus early presuming to avail myself of your permission? The happy are seldom discreet: if I have been too precipitate, attribute my intrusion to its true cause, the impossibility of checking the ardour of my gratitude.

*Mrs. Belmore. (Aside.)* He has fallen into the deception to her very wish.

*Sir Hen.* I have, as you perceive, observed your Ladyship's commands.

*Mrs. Bel. (Aside.)* Dear! what commands have I laid upon him? O! you are very good! (*pretending to understand him*).

*Sir Hen.* Would there had been some difficulty in them, Madam, that I might have proved how far above all other considerations, I prize an opportunity of obeying you.

*Mrs. Bel.* I can perfectly understand your desire to see a person who has so successfully evaded your discovery in the support of an assumed character—there's always a certain charm attach'd to mystery—imagination, no doubt, had pictured to you—

*Sir Hen.* Nothing, which the reality has not far exceeded - the first moment I beheld you, I was enraptured by the symmetry of your person, by the exquisite grace of all your movements, and the sweetness of your accents. However you endeavor'd to disguise your voice, I now perfectly recognize to be the same which thrilled to my heart at Lady Brellington's masquerade.

*Mrs. Bel. (Smiling.)* And you really know my voice again?

*Sir Hen.* I should have distinguish'd it amongst a thousand; and tho' concealed by an envious mask, you will perhaps scarcely believe, that my fancy had pictured your *features* just what they are. But, in my warmest moments, I must acknowledge, that I failed of imparting to them that irresistible charm of expression which they possess in so eminent a degree.

*Mrs. Bel.* So you think, that if chance had thrown me in your way, you should have known me?

*Sir Hen.* So entirely am I convinced of it, that

ever since I had the happiness of meeting you, I have gone to every assembly, every public place; paraded every street, visited every shop, in hopes of seeing you—if I saw a fine arm across the room, I instantly darted to the spot, full of breathless expectation, till some uncouth defect in the rest of the person, painfully proved to me how much I was mistaken. A small foot has led me to Kensington—to Hampstead have I trotted after a well-turned ankle; in short, Lady Emily, I have left no place in London or its environs unvisited, in pursuit of your separate perfections.

*Mrs. Bel.* I am quite at a loss how to answer so many civilities—I can only say, that one reason, and a very sufficient one I think it, for your not having met me in your perambulations about London, is, that I very rarely go thither.

*Sir Hen.* Formed in every way to constitute its chief ornament, permit me to say, you are unjust in secluding yourself—'tis a public loss—besides, you wrong yourself as well as others, for surely there is no existence out of London.

*Mrs. Bel.* That very much depends upon circumstances—the best years of my life, were passed in a remote county, in an ancient castle, with a husband, old enough to be my father; and yet, I can with truth declare, that I never knew what it was to experience a moment's tedium.

*Sir Hen.* And friendship, the only feeling of your breast? O! Lady Emily, had love been of the party—

*Mrs. Bel.* It would have ruin'd all—when two people are so utterly dependent upon each other for their enjoyments, 'tis fortunate when their sentiments are of a calm, enduring nature—passion is seldom long-lived; and what painful re-



grets take place of those feelings which are too ardent to be lasting!

*Sir Hen.* Then you don't believe that love can endure for ever?

*Mrs. Bel.* I'm not certain that I believe in the existence of the passion at all.

*Sir Hen.* And can it be possible that you have never felt its power?

*Mrs. Bel.* That is a question which—

*Sir Hen.* I fear may appear presumptuous—but did you know how deeply I am interested in it—you would say—

*Enter Lady EMILY.*

—The devil take this woman, for interrupting us!  
(*Aside.*)

*Lady E. (With Music in her Hand.)* He seems confounded at my approach—that's a good sign (*Aside*) My dear! I shall never be able to accomplish this Duet for to-night.

*Mrs. Bel.* Allow me to present Mr. Grenville!

*Lady E.* Mr. Grenville of Gloucestershire?

*Sir Hen. (Aside.)* Upon my soul I don't know—but I suppose so. (*Bows very low.*)

*Lady E.* I shall be happy in the honour of your acquaintance, Sir; I formerly knew your sister, and a sweet creature she was—she's quite well, I hope? Your poor dear father too, is he still alive?

*Sir Hen. (Aside.)* Curse me if I can tell; but I had better kill him, lest she should ask more questions—No, Ma'am, he is dead.

*Lady E.* I beg pardon—I'm quite shocked that—Do you understand music?

*Sir Hen.* No, I do not.

*Lady E.* Then, I'm afraid you can't sing?

*Sir Hen.* Not in the least.

*Lady E.* That's very unlucky; for I meant to have asked you to help me out in this Duet, this evening.

*Sir Hen.* What an opportunity had I nearly lost! (*Aside*) Sing? sing, did you say? O, to be sure; every body sings—devil a tune can I turn, (*Aside*)—that is, I—in a sort of a manner—

*Lady E.* Yes, yes; that's just in my own way; so, if you'll step into the next room, we can amuse ourselves with trying it over.

*Sir Hen.* Confound you and your Duet too!—(*Aside—affects to cough*)—Bless my soul, Ma'am, the worst cold I ever had in my life!

*Lady E.* Ay, it seems very bad, indeed; I think you had better not venture into the night air—I must insist upon your not coming here this evening—we'll positively have the doors shut against you.

*Sir Hen.* My dear Madam, I shall mend surprisingly by that time. After dinner, I always sing like a nightingale; my notes would quite astonish you—there's no lie in that, at any rate. (*Aside.*)

*Lady E.* But the fogs, at this time of the year—

*Sir Hen.* Are a sovereign remedy for coughs like mine—you see 'tis not a common sort of cold; 'tis only a—Hum!—(*Coughs.*)

*Lady E.* So I perceive, Sir.

*Sir Hen.* An asthma, or spasmodic affection, that—in short—the fouler the air, the better I feel myself.

*Lady E.* (*To Mrs. BELMORE.*) How do you find him?

*Mrs. Bel.* O, very agreeable.

*Lady E.* That's as much as to say, quite charming—(*Aside.*) Well, since you won't sing

with me, I must give it up for the present.—I have two calls to make across the Green, and I'll take this opportunity.

*Sir Hen. (Eagerly.)* Do people let one another in at Richmond?

*Lady E.* Oh yes; but I shall be so anxious to return, that I will merely slide in my card. There never was any thing so tormenting as this tax upon society: visiting people one hardly knows by sight, and that one shou'dn't care, if one never saw again. I'm sure you must have experienced how annoying it is, to be compell'd to be civil to a person one wishes a hundred miles off—one, that won't be driven away by a hint, however broadly given, but that will run on from one thing to another—talk, talk, talk, till one's spirits are worn out, and one's patience quite exhausted! Don't you detest such beings?

*Mrs. Bel.* I do indeed.

*Lady E.* I am sure you must. Well, as I hope to be back again in a very few minutes, I won't take my leave—Sans adieu?

[Exit Lady EMILY.]

*Sir Hen. (Aside.)* Thank heaven! you are gone, at any rate.

*Mrs. Bel.* How do you like my friend?

*Sir Hen.* I hardly looked at her; and I shall not easily forgive her having interrupted a conversation which was so replete with interest to me.—I remember I was asking a question of Lady Emily—

*Mrs. Bel.* Which, I remember, I had no intention of answering.

*Sir Hen.* I am aware it was a very delicate one, but recollect, Lady Emily, this is not the first time of our meeting—you cannot have misunderstood my declarations at the masquerade; tho' it

is evident, by the reserve and total change in your manner, that they have not been so favourably received as I then flattered myself they would be.

*Mrs. Bel.* You would not have me all my life in masquerade—

*Sir Hen.* Ah! believe me, I do not regret the absence of your vivacity! How many women attract by their brilliancy—how few, by the ineffable charm of unaffected sensibility! Till this moment, I had judged of your wit only; but now I think I know how to appreciate your heart also—before, I could find words to express my admiration; but now, the utterance of my feelings is impossible. Oh! but for a moment, resume your mask, that, unawed by the dignity of your expression, I may tell you with what fervour I adore you!

*Enter Mrs. JEFFERIES.*

— Another interruption, by Jove!

*Mrs. Jef.* My mistress has been prevented going out, Ma'am; Mr. Stanly has just been brought in rather ill, and very much agitated.

*Mrs. Bel.* Good heavens! what has happened?

*Mrs. Jef.* Returning home, it seems, he was met by an unfortunate maniac, who had just broken from his confinement—Having seen Mr. Stanly at the Asylum, he probably mistook him for one of the keepers; and, with all the strength which madness gives, dragged him to the ground; but, luckily, somebody was within hearing, and came to his assistance—upon which the maniac fled, and the keepers are already in pursuit of him.

[*Exit.*

*Mrs. Bel. (Retiring)* You must excuse me, Sir—

*Sir Hen.* But wherefore, Madam? You hear that Mr. Stanly is more frightened than hurt—now, *I* am more hurt than frightened, and of the two, a much fitter object for your compassion.

*Mrs. Bel.* You must, notwithstanding, allow me to retire—my situation was rather embarrassing; and, but for this accident, I might have found it difficult to extricate myself. (*Aside.*)

[*Exit Mrs. BELMORE.*]

*Sir Hen.* The devil take the keepers, for not securing their madmen better, I say. I had just arrived at the critical juncture! When such a favourable opportunity may occur again, heaven only knows—however, I shall certainly return this evening.—Charming, charming Lady Emily! what manners! what sentiments!—that rogue, Delaval, too! to slander her perfections!—Oh! 't was blasphemy! (*Takes out his watch*)—Let me see; at five, I am to meet the Lawyers—however, I can be back by eight—but will she be ready to receive me? they'll probably sit down to dine at seven:—Soup—she'll be five minutes, at least, eating that—she can't be less; it is generally so confoundedly hot! I wish she would eat fish in its stead; but there, there again! the bones are a great drawback.—Psha! she's a divinity; and far above the vulgar prejudice of eating and drinking as coarse mortals do! Lady Emily, I adore you! Mrs. Belmore, I detest you! and heartily wish the Lawyers and you were all at the bottom of the Red Sea!

[*Exit.*]

## SCENE II.

*A gloomy part of Richmond Park—several Trunks of Trees lying here and there—Twilight.*

*Enter CECIL, with an Infant wrapped in a Shawl.*

Cecil. Your cries, at length, are hush'd in sleep, my precious infant ! and cold and hunger are, for awhile, forgotten ! How awful is this silence ! no sound falls on my ear, but the tumultuous beating of my frightened heart—lie still, lie still ; your throbbings will awake my babe—how comes this mist before my eyes ? I'm very faint—My child, my child ! I can no longer bear your weight ; *(she sinks, placing the Infant upon the trunk of one of the trees.)*—What agony is this ? numbed as my limbs are by the stiffening blast, a scorching fire consumes my brain !—Can this be fear ? It is, the terror of a guilty conscience : there was a time, when neither solitude nor night had power to terrify me—but I was innocent then ; then I had not offended Heaven, whose protection I dare not now implore.—Ha ! I hear a voice—Oh ! welcome, welcome sound !—Yet, should it be any one whom I have known in other days—an idle fear ; for if it should, night's friendly shadows will conceal the features of the guilty Cecil.—I'll follow his footsteps—in common charity, he'll not deny that comfort to a wretched, houseless wanderer !

Fitz. *(Without.)* Ha, ha ! have I escaped you, ruffians ? here I shall be safe from their pursuit.

*(He is seen climbing the wall, and with the assistance of the arm of a tree, lets himself down upon the Stage ; in this*

*effort he breaks one of the smaller branches, and uses it as a weapon of defence).*

—Here will I lie concealed—they shall not again imprison me!

*Cecil.* Some miscreant escaped from justice! What will become of us?

*Fitz.* There, there they go!—One, two, three, four!—So, so; lie close; they are gone, they are gone, and now I breathe again.

*Cecil.* Alas! a maniac! what's to be done? shall I conceal myself? No; I'll make for the gate, and endeavour to regain the public road. (*FITZHARDING turns suddenly round*)

*Fitz.* What are you? one lying in ambush to entrap me? Wretch! advance one hair's breadth, and I fell you to the ground! (*Raising the broken branch*)—Ah! a woman!

*Cecil.* Yes; one without the power or wish to harm you.

*Fitz.* That's false—you are a woman, born only to betray—I know you are leagued against me—but thus—(*Threateningly.*)

*Cecil.* O! for my child's sake, do not harm me.

*Fitz.* A child!—have you a child? give it me—let me strangle it, before the little serpent turns to sting the breast that nourished it—pity is folly—if she live, she lives to blast your comfort. I had a child, a child more precious to me than my own heart's blood—but she betrayed me—made a gay festival to welcome me upon my return from a long, tedious journey—invited guests too—three hideous guests! Seduction, Penury, and Despair—With the first she fled, and left me victim to the other two.

*Cecil.* What do I hear? what horrid vision

darts across my brain! Can it be? No, no! and yet, altho' destruction follow, I must, I will be satisfied. (*She throws off FITZHARDING's Hat, recognises, and falls at his feet.*)—Great God! my father!

*Fitz.* (*Raising her, looks wistfully in her face, and laughs wildly—pause.*) They are coming—you will not give me up to my pursuers—you will have more compassion than my unnatural daughter.

*Cecil.* Can I hear this, and yet not curse thee, Delaval?

*Fitz.* Ha! does that damn'd name again assail my ears? Does *he* pursue me still? What new torment can he inflict upon me? Yes, yes, I see him now—where is my daughter, villain? Give her back—restore her to me, polluted as she is, and I will bless you—but you have murdered her—your barbarous hand has nipped my pretty rose-bud ere it was blown, and now she lies, scorn'd, pale, and lifeless—monster! no longer shall your poisonous breath infect the air—an injured father strikes this poniard to your faithless heart—no struggling—down—down—Oh, oh! (*CECIL supports him.*)

*Cecil.* (*Weeping*) O, sight of horror! will all the agony I feel restore your peace, belov'd, much injured father!

*Fitz.* (*Recovering—feels her cheeks.*) How! weeping! tears, real tears! poor thing, poor thing! don't cry—I cannot be a partner in your grief—since my poor Cecil died (for she is dead, is she not?) I have not shed a tear.

*Cecil.* Oh, Heaven! too much, too much to bear!

*Fitz.* Poor thing! poor thing! (*Pause.*) You will not leave me, will you? (*Draws her close to his bosom.*)



*Cecil.* Leave you ! O never, never ; I will serve you, live for you, die for you.

*Fitz.* Come then, come with me ; and I will shew you Cecil's grave ; and we will strew fresh yew and cypress over it—Come, come !

*(As he is leading her away, voices of the Keepers are heard without—1st Keeper.*

*" This way, this way ; I'll follow him over the Wall—do you secure the Gate."—He leaps from the Wall, two more come on at the Gate.)*

*Fitz.* I hear them, they are coming—don't let them tear me from you—save, O, save me !

*Cecil.* Kind people, hear me ! he is my father—leave him to my tender care !

*1st Keep.* O yes, you'll do much good ; I wish we had more hands with us—step across to the cottage, and see if you can get any body to assist.

*[Exit 2nd Keeper.*

*Cecil.* You call in vain for assistance—no power on earth shall part us—once again, I tell you he is my father.

*1st Keep.* That may be—but what can you do for him ? you had better stand aside, young woman ; you'll only get yourself hurt.

*Cecil.* You shall tear me limb from limb, rather than separate me from him.

*Re-enter 2nd Keeper, with Cottager.*

*1st Keep.* *(To Cottager.)* There, do you take charge of the young woman and keep her off—Now, now !—*(They rush forward to seize him.)*

*Fitz.* The first who approaches, I will lay dead at my foot—folded in your arms I fear them not.

*(A scuffle ensues, on which they are separated—FITZGERDING disarmed, and dragg'd away.)*

—Save me from these butchers! O save me, save me! [*Exeunt FITZHARDING and Keepers.*

*Cecil.* O, for the love of mercy! let me follow him.

*1st Keep. (Without.)* Bind his hands!

*Cecil.* No, no; for the love of Heaven, no! Inhuman men! I must, I will go to him. O cruel! cruel! O my poor deceived, unhappy father!

*(She breaks from the Cottager, and endeavours to follow her Father, but her strength fails her, and she sinks upon her knees; the Cottager supports her, and the Curtain falls.)*

END OF ACT III.

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## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.

*A Library in Stanly's House.*

*Enter STANLY, followed by a Servant.*

*Stan.* Who wants me, whom did you say?

*Serv.* The young woman, herself, wou'dn't send any name, but Mrs. Jefferies, who happen'd to come into the hall at the time, cried "Bless me! is that you, Miss Fitzharding?"

*Stan.* Miss Fitzharding! at this door? are you certain of it?

*Serv.* I only know what Mrs Jefferies said—the young woman made no answer, but drew

her bonnet over her face. When I told her that you cou'dn't see her, (for as it was so near dinner, I thought you would not chuse to be disturb'd), she seem'd greatly distress'd, and talk'd something about the Asylum.

*Stan.* Ay, that's a subject that may well distress her—Worthless minx! is there any body in the carriage with her?

*Serv.* Carriage, Sir?

*Stan.* Carriage, Sir! ay; don't you know what a carriage is?

*Serv.* Yes, Sir; but there's no carriage, nor any thing like one, that I saw—I think you must mistake the person, Sir, altogether; for the young woman in the hall said she had heard that a servant was wanted at the Asylum, and that she had been directed to apply to you, as one of the Governors.

*Stan.* Ah! this is another of your blessed blunders!

*Serv.* Upon my word, Sir—

*Stan.* Poh! poh! did not you yesterday say there was an old woman in the parlour, who wanted to see Mrs. Belmore, and when she went in, did not it turn out to be a Master in Chancery?

*Serv.* Well, Sir, what message shall I take?

*Stan.* Take, Sir! do you take me for a walking Therapolegia, that you bring your maid-servants to me for places?

*Serv.* I took you for no such thing, Sir; but the poor creature seem'd in a deal of trouble, and you don't usually send away such as apply in distress: so, I thought—

*Stan.* Thought, blockhead! why didn't you bring her in at once then?

*Serv.* That's as good as a five pound note in her pocket.

[Exit Servant.]

*Enter Lady EMILY.*

*Lady E.* O! my dear Uncle; what an extraordinary circumstance! Who, do you think is here? Miss Fitzharding: the daughter of the unfortunate gentleman—

*Stan.* Who had nearly made worms-meat of me—the fellow, was right, then; William, said she wanted to see me. Why does not she come? I desired she might be sent in.

*Lady E.* She will come, no doubt, as soon as she is sufficiently recovered, for she appears very urgent to speak with you: Jefferies, who had known her, it seems, asked some unguarded question, which threw her into a dreadful agitation, and she fainted—I ran to entreat that you would see her, Sir; for her mind is burthened with a grief which, she says, no body but yourself can relieve.

*Stan.* I am no conscience-doctor, Emily, and tho' I am willing to see Miss Fitzharding, and to do all in my power to alleviate her sorrow, since you say she suffers; yet, it will never be in my ability to relieve her from the burthen of remorse, which her unfeeling conduct towards her father, must needs have laid upon her soul.

*Lady E.* I am sincerely sorry for her—she is so interesting—

*Stan.* Interesting! Psha! don't prostitute the epithet, Emily; the virtuous only should be interesting—but now a-days, every thing is interesting—let a Lady abandon a worthy husband, and half a dozen lovely children, for the arms of a paramour, and the cry directly is, “but she's so interesting!”—Here's a girl, who has driven a doating father into madness, by her profligacy,

then *you* come and tell me, "she's so interesting."—

*Lady E.* Well, my dear Uncle, if I have used an expression which offends you, I will retract it—only tell me into what words I shall put an entreaty that may induce you, not only to see Miss Fitzharding, but dispose you, if possible, to serve her.

*Stan.* As to serving her, I have already told you that I mean to do so, if it be within my power; and in order to understand how that may best be done, I am willing to admit Miss Fitzharding; but, I must make it a particular request, that you do not so far forget what is due to your rank, as to converse a second time with so degraded a being.

*Lady E.* Is there any situation, my dear Sir, that puts one person above the obligation of succouring another in distress? 'tis the best privilege of superior rank, and in my opinion, the sole condition upon which Providence intended that we should possess it.

*Stan.* True, Emily, Charity is undoubtedly the greatest of all virtues; but beware of indiscriminate compassion; and remember, that to *tolerate* vice, is to *encourage* it.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* Miss Fitzharding waits to know if you are disengaged, Sir.

*Stan.* Desire her to walk in—Emily—(*Signs to her to retire.*)

*Lady E.* Well, Sir, you wish it, and I will leave you, but don't be harsh with her; consider the cause she has for *self*-condemnation, and do not, by your reproaches, add to the load

of her affliction ; which even now seems greater than she can bear.

[*Exit Lady EMILY on one side.*

*Enter Servant and CECIL on the other.*

*Stan. (With constrained civility.)* A chair ! (*Servant sets Chairs*)—Sit down, Miss Fitzharding ; let dinner be served, and desire the Ladies not to wait (*Exit Servant*). I am sorry you have been indisposed—Sit down, Ma'am, sit down ; and inform me what are your commands with me—pray compose yourself: you seem greatly agitated.

*Cecil.* Agitated ! Ah, Sir, when every surrounding object reminds me of happier days, of days passed in innocence and peace, I may well seem agitated, and sink with conscious shame and agony. Many a time has my poor father, while seated in that chair, placed his beloved hands upon my head, and with tears of fondness glistening in his eyes, implored of Providence to bless his darling child ! Little did he then know what a serpent he cherish'd in his bosom ! little did I then anticipate the deep, deep anguish which has been since my portion.

*Stan.* Be comforted, Madam ; there is no state, however wretched, which does not admit of hope.

*Cecil.* True, true ; I have yet a hope, and in you that hope is center'd : on my knees, let me implore your kind interposition, Sir ; you may be the blessed means of restoring a father to reason, and his repentant daughter to tranquillity, though not to happiness.

*Stan.* Let me know in what manner you think I can relieve you, Miss Fitzharding—the inclination, be assured, will not be wanting.

*Cecil.* The particulars of my unhappy story, I fear, are but too generally known ; spare me the

shame of repeating what, I wish I could for ever blot from recollection.

*Stan.* We will remember nothing but that which may at present forward your views—speak, Madam.

*Cecil.* Flying from the man, who (after having seduced me to the dereliction of every sacred duty) was on the point of sacrificing, not only me, but his innocent child, to worldly selfish views, I chanced to meet my father—Good Heaven! in what a state! bereft of recollection, driven to fiercest madness, by the dishonour of his thankless child.

*Stan.* He did not recognize you then?

*Cecil.* O that he had! though it had been to curse me—but no—'twas nearly dark, and I am sadly changed since he last saw me—yet, I fondly think, that he was pleased to hear my voice—he implored me not to forsake him—O! that I never had! (*weeps bitterly*)—from this circumstance, I feel a certain conviction, that were I constantly about his person, my dutiful attentions might at last restore that precious reason, of which my guilt so fatally deprived him—(*weeps*).

*Stan.* Madam! Miss Fitzharding!—

*Cecil.* Let me become a servant in the Asylum; by a thousand little assiduities, I may, at least, ameliorate his condition; and, Oh! should it please Heaven to smile on my endeavours, and crown my penitent design with favour, intelligence once more shall beam from his bright eyes, and he again may bless me ere I die.

*Stan.* O Delaval! what have you to answer for, in labouring to corrupt a heart like this (*Aside*)—Your request is granted, Madam; you shall be near your father, you shall watch over and con-

sole him—every facility shall be afforded you, to put your virtuous resolution into practice: should your efforts prove successful, there are still many of your father's friends residing here; we will consult together, and see what may be done towards his support, and the alleviation of your sorrows.

*Cecil* (*Nobly*). His support? Sir, I shall provide for that—I will not eat the bread of idleness or shame; and the best alleviation of my griefs, will be to toil incessantly for him and my poor infant—too blest, if, in fulfilling the duties of a mother, I may make some atonement for the errors of a daughter.

*Stan.* Accept, at least, a temporary assistance, till you possess the means so honourably acquired.

*Cecil.* O! Sir, I have not a proud or an ungrateful heart. Your generous compassion towards a poor degraded creature, has sunk deeply into my soul; but, from the misery into which my own guilt has plunged me, I am resolved that nothing but my own unwearied industry shall ever extricate me.

*Stan.* I will not again attempt to shake a resolution pregnant at once with sensibility and honour; but tho' you refuse my offer of assistance, Madam, I trust you will allow me to present you to my niece, whose soothing cares and prudent councils will support and aid you in the virtuous task you have imposed upon yourself—may reformation so sincere, and filial piety so exemplary, draw down a blessing on you from above, and crown your efforts with complete success!

[*Exeunt.*



## SCENE II.

*A Drawing-Room in Stanly's House.*

*Enter O'DONOLAN.*

*O'Don.* Isn't it past all belief now, that a man possessing, upon most points, as clear a conception of things as any Irishman in the world, shall, upon the subject of his passion, be an absolute idiot? Tho' I know I am deceived, laugh'd at, and contemn'd by this perfidious woman, I can't help hovering about her, if possible, with increased infatuation—wretched as she makes me, I feel a delight in being tormented by such an angelic creature, that I would not exchange for the quiet possession of any other woman upon earth! if I could but contrive to see her before the company assembles, I might—

*Enter Sir H. CHOMLEY, and a Servant.*

—somebody arrived already—ever frustrated in all that regards her! (*Turns up*).

*Sir Hen.* Why, 'tis eight o'clock, Sir; past eight; I heard it strike: 'tis past eight by my watch too.

*Serv.* I don't say it is not, Sir, but dinner was later than usual to day, and the Ladies have not yet left table—I can let them know you are here; Mr. Stanly is the only gentleman, and I dare say will be very glad if you will take your wine with him.

*Sir Hen.* By no means; I wouldn't have them disturb'd for the world—say nothing about it, if you please; I'd rather wait (*Exit Servant*). No, no; it would have been rather too good a joke

to have been fix'd with old Stanly swallowing glass after glass of his London particular, instead of quaffing love's inebriating draught from the fascinating eyes of the adorable Lady Emily—for the last half hour I have been walking backwards and forwards opposite the windows, in hopes of seeing the fellow walk into the drawing-room with a long stick to light the candles—but my impatience could endure it no longer. There's an uneasy restlessness about me, which I never felt before—the fidgets, I think they call it—since I left this house, I have done nothing but wander up and down with my hands in my pockets, as if I had lost something—I have, I have lost my heart to this enchanting syren, and come what may, my fate this very night shall be decided,—What, O'Donolan!

*O'Don.* Chomley!

*Sir Hen.* Hush!

*O'Don.* How long have you been returned from the Continent?

*Sir Hen.* Above a fortnight.

*O'Don.* My dear Chomley!

*Sir Hen.* Hush, I tell you, for the love of mystery! I am no longer Chomley, I have changed my name.

*O'Don.* For an estate? I give you joy, my dear fellow!

*Sir Hen.* No—for a better thing—a devilish handsome woman, my boy: Lady Emily Gerald! a most extraordinary adventure; and so you'll think it.

*O'Don.* O, I dare say I shall.

*Sir Hen.* Her reasons, I don't know; but, as she thought proper to *desire* that I would change my name, I have done so, in compliance with her wishes.—I know you can be discreet, so I'll

let you into the whole affair.—The very day after my return, I met Lady Emily at a masquerade—you know her figure; and may guess what the effect of it was upon a fellow, who for many months had not feasted his eyes upon the gratifying sight of a well-dressed Englishwoman of fashion! She seem'd pleas'd with *my* attentions; I was charmed with her conversation; and, tho' she persisted in concealing from me who she was, yet she so far encouraged me, as to say, she should be at the subscription masquerade on the Thursday; and again, at Lady Brellington's on the Saturday: at each of these we met, we talked, and liked—this very morning only I discovered who she was, wrote to solicit her permission to present myself; and here, you rogue, is the angel's answer—(*Gives O'DONOLAN the Letter—he reads, and returns it*)—Very satisfactory—don't you think so?

*O'Don.* O, very!—Damn her for a jilt! (*Aside*)—But why this change of name?

*Sir Hen.* That's what I don't understand myself; I was too happy, you may be sure, to be admitted upon any terms, and of course never stopp'd to make enquiries—my interview with her this morning has rivetted my chains; and I am now here, under a fixed determination of proposing to her—

*O'Don.* And do you expect to be accepted?

*Sir Hen.* Why, without any extraordinary portion of vanity, I flatter myself that the thing is possible—I am delighted to have met you here; are you intimate in the family?

*O'Don.* Faith, you may say that.

*Sir Hen.* Better and better! What a lucky dog I am!

*O'Don.* How so, pray?

*Sir Hen.* You may assist me, by speaking to Lady Emily in my favour.

*O'Don.* I! No, curse me if I do.

*Sir Hen.* How, O'Donolan? I thought I could have depended upon your friendship; but perhaps you think the match objectionable.

*O'Don.* Indeed and I do, Sir; very objectionable.

*Sir Hen.* Hey day! what can this mean?

*O'Don.* It means, Sir, that you are damnably mistaken, if you imagine that I shall plead your cause in this affair—Lady Emily has received me, avowedly admitted me as her lover, for the last fifteen months, Sir; and although I think her the vilest of coquettes, I shall not relinquish my claim to you, or any man in England, or Ireland, Sir. Now, do you understand what it means, Sir?

*Sir Hen.* Why, yes, I begin to apprehend—then you suppose that she has a regard for you?

*O'Don.* (*Imitating him.*) Why, without any extraordinary portion of vanity, I had a pretty good right to think so, Sir.

*Sir Hen.* (*Playing carelessly with the Letter*)—Ay, fifteen months ago—but, possibly, she may have changed her mind since that time.

*O'Don.* Possibly; but I have not changed mine; so you will be pleased to release your pretensions, whether 'tis agreeable to you or not.

*Sir Hen.* But, my dear O'Donolan, as the Lady ought unquestionably to have a voice in this affair, don't you think we may as well refer the matter to her—if she decide in your favour, I swear, it shall make no difference in my feelings towards you: if she declare in mine—

*O'Don.* I'll cut your throat, my dear friend!

*Sir Hen.* I hope not; at any rate, let all be fair and open between us. By Jove! I have just

recollected, that I have ordered the carriage, without apprizing my servants of my new appellation of Grenville; and I shall have some fellow bawling out, Sir Henry Chomley's carriage stops the way! that would ruin me with Lady Emily—I must continue the name of Grenville, 'till I have my charmer's leave to throw it off (*Aside.*) I am compelled to return to the hotel, O'Donolan, for ten minutes, and all I require at your hands, is, not to betray that I have let you into my confidence.

*O'Don.* And did I ask for it Sir Henry? No, indeed; you *foisted* it upon me.

*Sir Hen.* That's very true; but since chance, or I will rather say, a reliance on your friendship, has helped you to my secret, I trust to your *honor*, not to obtain any unfair advantage, by representing what I have said, under false colours to Lady Emily; but wait my return, before you enter into an explanation with her.

*O'Don.* Upon this subject, you have no right to prescribe any conditions, Sir Henry; but for old friendship's sake, I *do* agree to postpone this explanation till your return; and then, I shall have the double satisfaction of telling her, all I think of you, all I think of her, and all I think of myself, for being such a damn'd ass, as still to waste one thought upon her!

*Sir Hen.* Ha! ha! ha! au revoir! I rely upon your *honor*, O'Donolan, and hope, upon my return, to find you as entertaining as I now leave you.

[*Exit Sir HENRY.*]

*O'Don.* How shall I contain myself? The jilt! I'll not speak to her before he comes back—I'll have the gratification of confounding her, in the presence of her new lover—I will expose her perfidy, lay bare her arts, tell her how I love her,

how I hate her, and put an end to my torments, by blowing out my brains.

*Enter Mrs. BELMORE.*

*Mrs. Bel.* Colonel O'Donolan! now this is kind of you; and I am sure Lady Emily will—

*O'Don.* Don't name her, Madam; a perfidious—O! Mrs. Belmore, Mrs. Belmore! a'n't I the most miserable of human creatures?

*Mrs. Bel.* What do you mean?—nothing new, I hope, has happened!

*O'Don.* Yes, Ma'am; an unequivocal confirmation of all my suspicions—no longer, treacherous as she is, can she deny the justice of my accusation—my doubts have been cleared, all cleared, and by Sir H. Chomley himself.

*Mrs. Bel.* Whom do you say, by Sir H. Chomley?

*O'Don.* Yes, Madam; I met him here not five minutes ago, and, upon the strength of former friendship, he made me his confidante—told me of their rencontres at the masquerade, of his request to see her—shewed me her answer to it, in which, no doubt, the better to impose upon me, she desires him to *assume the name of Grenville*—False, false woman! to fix her affections upon such a profligate!—such an ugly fellow too!

*Mrs. Bel.* (*Eagerly.*) Heavens! what do you tell me?

*O'Don.* You are amazed, astonish'd at her perfidy—no wonder.

*Mrs. Bel.* Sir H. Chomley, under the name of Grenville?

*O'Don.* 'Tis too true, Madam—What deceit! what falsehood!

*Mrs. Bel.* To dupe her friend!

*O'Don.* To betray her lover !

*Mrs. Bel.* To involve me, so unwarrantably !

*O'Don.* To pretend a quarrel with me, that she might have more liberty to receive him !

*Mrs. Bel.* I did not think her capable of such an action !

*O'Don.* Nor I either, Ma'am.

*Mrs. Bel.* I never will forgive her !

*O'Don.* Nor I either, Ma'am : I have thought her light, capricious, sometimes even unfeeling ; but never, never could I have imagined this ! I'll see her once again — but it shall be to tell her that I know the extent of her unworthiness—to make her feel that I despise and hate her ! Pardon me, Mrs. Belmore, you know how tenderly I loved her, and the concern you shew, calls for my warmest thanks.

*Mrs. Bel.* You will not wonder at the interest I take in this affair, when I inform you, Colonel O'Donolan, that I am the only person entitled to resent the conduct of Lady Emily.

*O'Don.* You, Madam ?

*Mrs. Bel.* If Mr. Grenville and Sir H. Chomley are one person, Lady Emily must be absolved from all intention of offence towards you ; but she has expos'd, committed *me*, past all retrieving.

*O'Don.* Would you please to explain your meaning, Ma'am ?

*Mrs. Bel.* Have you forgotten that I am engaged in a law-suit with Sir Henry ? 'Tis evident that Lady Emily has wished to reconcile us, and, hurried on by the warmth of her affections, has never stopp'd to weigh the consequences in which her conduct might involve me : she saw Sir Henry at a masquerade, permitted his visits here, and under a well-feigned apprehension of exciting your suspicions, prevailed upon me to assume her

name, and receive the supposed Mr. Grenville in her place.

*O'Don.* (*Wild with joy.*) Eh! How! What do you say? Am I in my senses? You, you, Mrs. Belmore, as Lady Emily?

*Mrs. Bel.* 'Tis too true; you may readily believe I should not have lent myself to such an imposition, had I known it was Sir Henry whom I was to meet: this too, perfectly explains his being brought here, under the name of Grenville.

*O'Don.* So, after all, Mrs. Belmore, it turns out that it's yourself that is the goddess of his idolatry!

*Mrs. Bel.* I, Colonel O'Donolan?

*O'Don.* O! and you may believe me, you; he raves about you—doats upon you from the crown of your head to the tip of your toe: marry, marry, Mrs. Belmore, and make him and me the happiest men in the world.

*Mrs. Bel.* Don't you think that would be rather a rash measure, Col. O'Donolan?

*O'Don.* Not in the least—do it, do it, if it be only for the pleasure of non-suiting the lawyers. O! 'twill be the prettiest match that ever was heard of—a match, where prudence and inclination are both of one mind.

*Mrs. Bel.* Colonel O'Donolan! have I ever profess'd a liking for Sir Henry?

*O'Don.* Not yet; but I'll engage you will; you must; he's very handsome, every body must allow that; I have known him intimately for years, and upon my soul, a worthier fellow does not breathe.

*Mrs. Bel.* He has risen very rapidly in your good opinion, Sir; 'tis but a few minutes, since he was a profligate, a—



*O'Don.* O! that was while I thought Lady Emily was in love with him; but I know you will forgive me—indeed, we all have need of your indulgence.

*Mrs. Bel.* Lady Emily has the least right to expect my forgiveness; for at the time she put this imposture upon me, she was acquainted with a circumstance which makes my situation much more embarrassing than it appears.

*O'Don.* The friendly motive, I am sure, will weigh with you in her behalf. The angel! but why do I continue prating here, when I should be upon my knees before her, soliciting for pardon—I will confess my fault, renounce my jealousy, and by a life of adoration, make amends for all my suspicions past, present, and to come!

(*Going.*)

*Mrs. Bel.* Stay, Colonel O'Donolan; with your permission, I had rather Lady Emily knew nothing of what has just occurred.

*O'Don.* Your reason, Madam? if you please.

*Mrs. Bel.* Why, at present, she is firmly persuaded that I am *her dupe*; now, I own, it would be no small pleasure to me, to turn the tables upon her, and make *her mine*—besides, 'twould be as well, I think, to know a little more of Sir Henry Chomley, before we venture to confess the trick that we have played him.

*O'Don.* Ha! ha! ha! yes, my dear Mrs. Belmore, perhaps it would be as well, that *you* should see a little more of him.

*Mrs. Bel.* (*Confused.*) You are quite mistaken, I don't mean that, at all.

*O'Don.* O! by my soul then, if you didn't mean it, your tongue should teach your eyes not to make bulls, Mrs. Belmore; but Chomley will be back again presently, and tho' I can't compre-

hend your meaning, I hope, at least, that you'll come to a right understanding with him.

*Mrs. Bel.* I see you are bent upon being amus'd at my expence, so I will say no more upon this silly subject ; only give me your faithful promise not to betray me to Lady Emily.

*O'Don.* Ah now ! and haven't I promised ?

*Mrs. Bel.* But swear it ; for if you do not, you will no more be able to resist the bright twinkle of her enquiring eye, than —

*O'Don.* (*Kneels.*) Why there, then ; upon my knees I solemnly declare, that by you, and you only, shall Lady Emily be undeceived.—

*Enter Lady EMILY, behind, and unperceived.*

—You have made me the happiest man in the universe, and have a right to impose upon me what conditions you please.

*Mrs. Bel.* Only abstain from seeing Lady Emily, till my explanation is over, and I shall be satisfied. [*Exit Mrs. BELMORE.*

*O'Don.* (*Kneeling*) That is a promise—

*Lady E.* Which it will not be in your power to keep—I am here, Colonel O'Donolan, and delighted in the opportunity of congratulating you upon being the happiest man in the universe—I lament that Mrs. Belmore has withdrawn ; because it deprives me of the pleasure of congratulating her too, upon having been the fortunate mortal who has made you so.

*O'Don.* Hey ! what ! you surely can't believe that—Upon my soul !

*Lady E.* No explanation, Colonel O'Donolan ; you have brought this affair to a most satisfactory conclusion, and I have now only to request that you will leave this house immediately—some other

place will more honorably suit your declarations to Mrs. Belmore.

*O'Don.* Oh and is it Mrs. Belmore that you mean? the sweetest creature, sure—

*Lady E.* How!

*O'Don.* No, I don't mean that—the most amiable—

*Lady E.* Intolerable!

*O'Don.* I don't mean that, either.

*Lady E.* Didn't I find you upon your knees before her?

*O'Don.* Yes.

*Lady E.* Weren't you making declarations of love to her?

*O'Don.* No.

*Lady E.* How! did not you say, she had made you the happiest man in the universe?

*O'Don.* Yes,—no,—most certainly I did; but that was—Oh, botheration! how will I ever get out of this?

*Lady E.* 'Tis all in vain, Sir, you are a faithless lover! Mrs. Belmore a false friend! and I am the silliest dupe that was ever cheated by either.

*O'Don.* Wait a while, Lady Emily, only wait a while—don't turn me away unheard, till I've told you all I have to say—your Mr. Grenville is at the bottom of all this—only wait till I fetch him—he has just stepped to the hotel, but I'll run after him immediately, that I may be sure of meeting him—patience, my dear Lady Emily, patience for five minutes only, and I'll be with you again in less than a quarter of an hour.

[Exit O'DONOLAN.]

END OF ACT IV.

## ACT V.

## SCENE I.

*A Room in Stanly's House.*

*Enter STANLY, and Lady EMILY.*

*Lady E.* Well, Sir, what tidings? has the meeting taken place? did Mr. Fitzharding recognize his daughter?

*Stan.* I fear not; but one so lovely in resignation as that poor suffering girl, I never saw—wholly absorbed in the pious purpose to which she has devoted herself, she watches every look, every turn of his countenance, lending herself to all his childish fancies, and smiling, even in agony, to please him.

*Lady E.* And may I not call that creature interesting? but what were his sensations when he first beheld her?

*Stan.* When we first entered his cell, we found him seated with his back to the door, drawing upon the wall.

*Lady E.* Drawing! what?

*Stan.* A tomb—over the entrance of which, he had inscribed the name of Cecil.

*Lady E.* Unhappy man!

*Stan.* Startled by an involuntary groan, which burst from the overcharged heart of his afflicted daughter, he suddenly turned—he was much agitated at the sight of her—gazed wildly upon her features for an instant, then shook his head, and sighing deeply, again resumed his occupation: still, from time to time, as if he could not chase

the idea of her from his mind, he would cast enquiring glances at her ; and when he saw the tears piteously chasing one another down her pale cheeks, in a tone of deep commiseration, he exclaimed, " Poor thing ! Poor thing !"—looked in her face again with eager curiosity, and snatching his hand away, which she was fondly pressing to her lips, muttered, with disappointment, to himself, " but she is dead for all that."

*Lady E. (With great vivacity.)* Then, be assured, my dear Uncle, he does recollect her—his present habitation, Cecil's appearance, so altered by misfortune, and the menial dress she has assumed, joined to a strong impression of her death, all, all combine to puzzle his bewildered mind—some strong effect, must be produced upon him, and if my heart deceive me not, I am the doctor destined to restore him.

*Stan.* What stronger effect than that we have already tried, can—

*Lady E.* One that has just flashed across my mind—Will you grant me a diploma? am I at liberty to practise?

*Stan.* Provided you call in the physician of the Asylum.

*Lady E.* By all means ; as I am but a young practitioner, I shan't object to a consultation.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* Lord Glenthorn, Sir, is at the door, and begs to know if he can speak with you upon particular business.

*Stan.* Come to support the pretensions of his worthless son, I suppose—the moment is not auspicious—what can I do?

*Lady E.* Of course you will admit him, Sir ;

but let me see you as soon as possible, for I'm impatient till I put a scheme in execution, which I foresee will translate me to the skies—the world shall acknowledge the genuine offspring of *Æsculapius*, and raise altars to me under the appellation of the modern *Hygeia*. [Exit.

*Stan.* Desire Lord Glenthorn to walk in.

[Exit Servant.

—How perplexing is my present position! My old friend is, no doubt, come to ascertain the result of my promised endeavours in behalf of his son Delaval, at a time too, when my heart is swelling with indignation at his barbarity! I would not wantonly wound the feelings of a father; but I know it will be impossible for me to conceal the abhorrence that I feel of his unprincipled son! What do I see! Delaval himself?

*Enter Lord GLENTHORN.*

*Lord G.* I read in your countenance, Mr. Stanly, that I am an unwelcome visitor; but the assurance I beg to offer, that my stay will not be protracted beyond the time necessary for a few enquiries, will, I trust, ensure me the favour of a patient hearing.

*Stan.* Ask all you wish to know, Sir; take your own time; for I mean to claim the same privilege to tell you, more perhaps than you may wish to hear.

*Lord G.* As I am convinced that Mr. Stanly cannot say any thing which I ought not to listen to, I accede to his proposal.

*Stan.* Sir, how far you may flatter yourself that you are safe under the shelter of my forbearance, I cannot tell; but that you may not deceive yourself upon that point, I beg, as a preliminary, to

inform you, that I hold your conduct in utter detestation ; and that nothing could have added to the disgust it has excited, but the mean subterfuge under which you have presumed to gain admittance here.

*Lord G.* Sir ! I am unconscious of having resorted to any artifice—'tis evident you are not yet informed of your late friend, my father's death ; by which, unfortunately, I am privileged to announce myself under the title of Lord Glen-thorn—your mistake is excusable ; but this language, Mr. Stanly—

*Stan.* You must hear from me, and every man who has a grain of honest feeling in his breast—your heartless conduct has given every upright character a *right* to express the just abhorrence which he entertains of your unpardonable profligacy—Crimes like yours—

*Lord G.* Crimes ! Mr. Stanly—

*Stan.* Crimes, my Lord ; by what title would you dignify the seduction of an innocent girl ? By what specious argument gloss over the subsequent desertion of her and of her infant ? Can the ingenious sophistry of vice supply a single palliative for actions such as these ? or are you so presumptuous as to believe that Heaven will leave the libertine unpunished, whose arts betrayed a virtuous child to shame, and drove a doating father into madness ?

*Lord G.* I am not here to palliate or defend my actions—whatever they have been, I am not accountable at this tribunal, altho' my future life may prove, I hold them in as much abhorrence as yourself. The object of my visit here, was to gain some intelligence of Miss Fitzharding ; I have traced her hither, and if I have trespassed upon your patience, tell me but where she is, and I'll obtrude no longer.

*Stan.* She is under my protection, now, my Lord ; and whatever you may have to say to her, must be communicated thro' me.

*Lord G.* Until I know upon what authority you arrogate this power to yourself, I can't acknowledge it — and I must add, her having sought protection of a person so entirely unknown to her, as you are, savours as little of prudence, as it does of delicacy.

*Stan.* And what must you be, who have forced her to seek refuge at the hands of strangers ? Prudence and delicacy ! whither would your insinuations tend ?

*Lord G.* No farther than your own declaration — you have acknowledged that Miss Fitzharding is now under *your protection*.

*Stan.* And what of that, Sir ? Have you any thing to offer upon that ?

*Lord G.* (*Sneeringly.*) Congratulations only : to you, upon your good fortune — to Miss Fitzharding, upon her well-directed preference.

*Stan.* O spare your irony, my Lord ; sarcasm is a *blunt* weapon in the hands of guilt : the authority which I possess over her, springs solely from a pure desire to serve an injured woman ; to heal the wounds of an afflicted heart, and restore a fallen, but repentant angel, to health, tranquillity, and self-respect.

*Lord G.* Pardon me, Mr. Stanly — altho' I scorn to whine, I am not ashamed to display my feelings, when I am conscious they originate in truth and virtue ; and though I own, my former conduct gives me little claim to your consideration, yet, from the patience which I have evinced while smarting under the lash of your deserved reproach, you may perhaps form some opinion of the sincerity of my contrition. For Cecil's sake,



for her dear infant's, I entreat you will allow me once more to see her, tho' but for a few moments. I fear I have no longer any influence over her; but should it happily prove otherwise, I pledge my honour to make no unworthy use of it: you may yourself be witness to our interview—but let me, let me see her!

*Stan. (After reflection.)* It shall be so—your request, my Lord, is granted—order the carriage!

*Lord G.* Mine is at the door—O, let us not lose a moment!

*Stan.* Proceed, my Lord; I have one word to say to Lady Emily before I go, and I will follow you immediately.

*[Exit Lord GLENTHORN on one side.]*  
—If you *have* a heart, I will yet probe it to the core.  
*[Exit STANLEY on the other.]*

*Enter Sir H. CHOMLEY.*

*Sir Hen.* Then I was right, and it *was* Delaval's carriage that I saw at the door—In what a hurry he brushed by me!—he seem'd as little inclined to be seen by me, as I could be to be recognized by him—but for this name of Grenville, tho', which I am ~~forced~~ to assume, I should have had some pleasure in shewing him, that in spite of his efforts to mislead me, I had not only found Lady Emily out, but was already established here, upon a tolerable footing of intimacy. But where's O'Donolan? should he have given Lady Emily an impression that I have boasted of the distinction with which she has honoured me, 'twould ruin me for ever!—but she is here! I don't read any marks of hostility in her looks—then, O'Donolan, thou art a noble fellow!

*Enter Mrs. BELMORE.*

—I hardly hoped to have the good fortune of finding you alone, Madam ; I thought the Colonel had been with you—he is often here, he tells me.

*Mrs. Bel.* O, yes ; almost every day.

*Sir Hen.* So far accounts agree (*Aside.*)—He is a very good sort of fellow !

*Mrs. Bel.* Excellent, I think ; his feelings are so warm, his understanding so good, his manners so amiable, I have the greatest possible esteem for Colonel O'Donolan.

*Sir Hen.* So it appears ; and 'tis as well to know it from the fountain head—(*Aside.*)

*Mrs. Bel.* You seem a little discomposed this evening.

*Sir Hen.* I do feel a little awkwardly, I own, Madam ; I have a most earnest desire to be informed upon a particular point, and yet I fear you may deem my question impertinent.

*Mrs. Bel.* I dare say not—what is it ?

*Sir Hen.* Believe me, I don't propose it from idle curiosity, but from a feeling in which my happiness is deeply involved :—O'Donolan is young ; prepossessing in person ; unexceptionable in character ;—with all these advantages, (pardon the enquiry), has he not been fortunate enough to inspire you with a sentiment of preference ?

*Mrs. Bel.* Colonel O'Donolan ? No ; nor did he ever dream of such a thing.

*Sir Hen.* O, you must pardon me ; he loves you tenderly, most ardently ; for, by the oddest accident in the world, we communicated to each other—

*Mrs. Bel.* I have no wish to enquire into the subject of his confidences ; but, whatever the Co-

lonel may have asserted, I owe it to myself to say, the only sentiments he ever inspired in me, were those of friendship.

*Sir Hen.* You will, at least, allow that I had cause for apprehension ;—widowhood is not the natural state of youth and beauty.

*Mrs. Bel.* Be that as it may, 'tis a state which I shall never change.

*Sir Hen.* And what motive can have determined you in so selfish a resolution ?

*Mrs. Bel.* The hazard I should run of not being happy under a second engagement ; besides, 'tis not unlikely that, by a law-suit which is now pending, my whole fortune may be forfeited, and I reduced to absolute penury.

*Sir Hen.* Happy, thrice happy the man, who is permitted to avert the wrongs of fortune from you ! Were I so blessed ! Oh, Lady Emily, I can no longer struggle with my passion, and tho' a declaration may for ever drive me from your presence, yet, I must hazard all, to ease a heart o'erflowing with the purest adoration—my character is known to all the world, my fortune, already ample, will shortly be considerably increased, by a favourable decree in Chancery.

*Mrs. Bel.* And are you, too, so unfortunate as to be involved in law ?

*Sir Hen.* Nay, call me rather fortunate ; for my Lawyers assure me positively of success—it was once proposed that I should terminate the difference by a marriage with the hateful woman with whom I am at issue, one Mrs. Belmore.

*Mrs. Bel.* Mrs. Belmore !—And she is very disagreeable ?

*Sir Hen.* Yes, I dare say she is ; I never saw her though :—a fat, ruddy dame, with a fine broad provincial dialect, I'll be sworn, whose accomplish-

ments are making punch, preserves and pickles, whose virtue is prudery, whose conversation is scandal, and whose code of morality consists in a zealous intolerance towards all the weaknesses of frail humanity.

*Mrs. Bel.* What a portrait ! but I can assure you, Mrs. Belmore, in no one point, resembles the description you have given of her.

*Sir Hen.* You know her then, Madam ?

*Mrs. Bel.* Intimately ; I know too, that she possesses many estimable qualities : Her husband, Mr. Belmore, was a man of cultivated taste and polished manners ; can it then be believed that he would be content to live, and in retirement too, with such a being as you have just depicted ? Come, let us do her justice, and suppose she may possess some virtues, which entitled her to the esteem and love of so wise and honourable a man : she is prouder, too, than you imagine ; and, if you have received an offer of her hand, be assured, it was without her knowledge, and the proposal has entailed upon it's author the strongest marks of her resentment.

*Sir Hen.* As I have never seen the Lady, what I have said, were she even informed of it, ought not to wound her self-love in the least. But, can *you* pardon this attack upon your friend, for, by your warmth in her defence, I perceive she is so ?

*Mrs. Bel.* What inconsiderate creatures are you men ! hating and loving, as prejudice or prepossession governs ! For instance, now, you think me pleasing, at least you have told me so ; yet scarcely know me, and judge as superficially of me as you have done of Mrs. Belmore ; but she shall take her own revenge, for I am determined you shall see her.

*Sir Hen.* My dear Lady Emily, you cannot mean to——

*Mrs. Bel.* How do you know that you may not think her agreeable ?

*Sir Hen.* As your friend, I may, just that ; but nothing more.

*Mrs. Bel.* I have a strong idea that you would fall in love with *her* as suddenly as you have done with me, and in that case, a marriage——

*Sir Hen.* Never, never ! Were I to lose my cause, and my whole estate to it, I would save neither by an union with her.—No, no ; 't is you, and only you.

*Mrs. Bel.* But I have already told you, I may shortly be a beggar ; should I *lose* my law-suit——

*Sir Hen.* I shall gain mine—the chances are, we cannot both be cast.

*Mrs. Bel.* Probably not ; but what would you say, now, if, without knowing it, you had already met Mrs. Belmore ? Suppose she were the lady whom you saw here this morning, and with whom you are engaged to sing to-night ?

*Sir Hen.* You are not in earnest, surely—What ! that lady Mrs. Belmore ?

*Mrs. Bel.* The same.

*Sir Hen.* Now is n't this extraordinary ! the very instant I saw that woman, I took an aversion to her.

*Mrs. Bel.* And yet, she is extremely beautiful !

*Sir Hen.* I don't think so.

*Mrs. Bel.* And remarkably clever.

*Sir Hen.* If you desire it, I will subscribe to all her perfections ; and to prove that she does not in vain possess the title of your friend, I here drop all proceedings against her, and to your arbitration submit my cause.

*Mrs. Bel.* Why then—but here she comes.

*Enter Lady EMILY and O'DONOLAN.*

*Lady E. (As she enters, to O'DONOLAN)* Well, since you so solemnly assert it, I, like an upright judge, am bound to believe you innocent till you are proved guilty.

*Mrs. Bel.* You could not, my dear friend, have arrived at a more propitious moment; Sir H. Chomley, for I must now give him his real appellation, informed of my friendship to Mrs. Belmore, generously agrees to drop all further proceedings, and is desirous of terminating the dispute by an amicable arrangement.

*O'Don.* O! then, I'm delighted to hear it; and by what method do you propose—

*Sir Hen.* Faith, 'tis a matter of indifference to me—the simplest and shortest way, however, I think best.

*O'Don.* The simplest way, would be by marriage; Oh! I give you joy, with all my heart!

*Sir Hen.* The simplest, indeed; I understand it, Sir; you would be happy to get rid of a rival.

*Lady E.* But Mrs. Belmore may think her cause better than Sir Henry's, and not easily be induced to relinquish—

*Sir Hen.* You'll see, now, this confounded woman will force me to marry her whether I will or not.

*Lady E.* To be sure, as Colonel O'Donolan observes, a marriage would—

*Sir Hen.* There, there! I told you so; a bold push for a husband, that, by Jupiter! (*Aside.*) Madam, it would be vain to use any ceremony upon the present occasion; you may be, and I dare say are, every thing that is charming—but, we are not the masters of our affections, and I

must inform you, that mine are irrevocably devoted to your amiable friend.

*Lady E.* I don't comprehend you, Sir Henry ; for whom do you take me ?

*Sir Hen.* For whom, but Mrs. Belmore ?

*Lady E.* (*To Mrs. BELMORE.*) So then, it seems I pass for you now ?

*Mrs. Bel.* And why not, my dear Lady Emily, since you so lately contrived to make me pass for you ?

*Sir Hen.* What do I hear ? Lady Emily ! and you then, after all, are—

*Mrs. Bel.* The hateful Mrs Belmore.

*Sir Hen.* (*Kneeling*) O ! how shall I ever atone for the injuries which I have done you ?

*Lady E.* Rise, rise, Sir Henry ; for I read in her looks, that you have gained your cause.

*Sir Hen.* (*To Mrs. BELMORE.*) Will you not deign to confirm the—

*Lady E.* Why will you force her to look more silly than she does already ? The thing is settled ; say no more about it ; and now, having ended a case in *law*, to the satisfaction, I hope, of all parties, I have one in *physic* that claims our immediate attention ; and may the cause of poor Fitzharding terminate as happily as that of Belmore *versus* Chomley ! [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

*A Ward in the Asylum.*

FITZHARDING and CECIL.

*Fitz.* She used to sing it, and it thrilled my very soul !

*Cecil.* Shall I sing it to you ?

*Fitz.* No, no ; not you, not you : I could not bear it—yet let me hear the words ; repeat them !

*Cecil (repeats.)*

“ Tears, such as tender fathers shed,  
Warm from my aged eyes descend,  
For joy—to think when I am dead,  
My son will have mankind his friend.”

*Fitz.* No, no, no, not so ;

“ For joy—to think when I am dead,  
Cecil will have mankind her friend.”

—She used to sing it so, when I desired her—and Oh ! so well—but she can sing it no more now ; she is dead, she is dead ! and we will go and weep upon her tomb—you will not leave me ?

*Cecil. (Weeping).* O, never, never, never !

*Fitz. (Looking wistfully in her face.)* Poor thing ! poor thing ! pale, very pale ; and *she* had such a bloom ! you have promised not to leave me ? The ruffians will, perhaps, attempt to drive you hence ; but do not go, Oh ! no ; stay here, and talk with me the live-long day of Cecil.

*Cecil. (Eagerly).* You love her still, then ?

*Fitz.* Ah ! can a father cease to love his child ? Assassins have stabbed, and vultures gnawed my flesh, morsel by morsel ; but they have not yet reached the seat of life—feel, feel, my heart is whole, still (*she lets her head sink upon his breast*) very, very pale !

*Cecil.* If you were to see your Cecil, should you—should you know her again ?

*Fitz. (Recollecting.)* Should I know her ? O yes, yes ; were she to appear before me with her golden ringlets playing luxuriantly about her face, her ethereal form all clad in virgin white, and her soft voice breathing those heavenly sounds which



still vibrate in my heart, Oh ! then, I could not be mistaken in her—but she is gone ! she is there (*pointing to the drawing of the Tomb in his Cell*) cold, cold and lifeless !

*Cecil.* But were she living, now to clasp your knees, as I do now, confess her fault, and with a penitent and humble heart solicit your forgiveness, what would you do ?

*Fitz. (Furiously.)* Do ? I would strike the wanton lifeless to my feet !

*Cecil.* Oh horrible !

*Fitz.* No, no ; not if it give you pain—no, no ; if she *could* come again, the only vengeance I would take, should be to clasp her to my heart, and ratify the pardon she implored—

*Enter STANLY.*

*Stan. (To CECIL.)* Your presence is immediately required in the adjoining chamber.

*Fitz.* Ah ! whither are you going ? And can you leave me too ?

*Cecil.* I will soon return, my Father.

*Fitz.* Father ! Father ! Ha, ha, ha ! 'tis long, 'tis very long, since I have heard that appellation, and in such a tone—repeat it—O ! repeat it !

*Cecil.* Farewell, my Father !

*Fitz.* Ha ! ha ! ha ! but you'll return ; O ! say you will—you have been too long away—I cannot longer live without you.

*Cecil. (Delighted.)* O ! heard you that ?

*Stan.* Come, come ; but a few hours, and with Heaven's assistance, all your distress will vanish. (*STANLY forces CECIL gently off.*)

*Fitz.* She's gone ; again she has abandon'd me—is this another dream ? once before, I thought I saw a form resembling Cecil : I press'd her to my

heart : this very day, she sheltered me from ruffians—but, for all that, she is dead ; she's there! —(*Points to the Tomb.*)—There, and my own for ever ! O Cecil ! Cecil ! Cecil !—

[*Exit into his Cell.*]

### SCENE III.

*An Apartment in the Asylum.*

*Enter Lord GLENTHORN.*

*Lord G.* What have I heard ! am I myself infected, or have I really beheld my Cecil, and her frantic father? and could I view the frightful spectacle occasioned by my crime, and not expire upon the spot ! Inhuman Stanly ! were not the agonies of remorse sufficiently acute, but you must superadd this scene of horror ? should Cecil scorn my unfeigned repentance, I have no remedy, no hope for this world or the next.

*Enter STANLY and CECIL.*

*Stan.* Grieve not, that you must leave him now—the impression given to his mind, will be a powerful auxiliary in Lady Emily's plan ; while you remain here, I will give orders for his immediate conveyance to my house, and trust to Providence, to crown our efforts with success.

[*Exit STANLY.*]

*Cecil.* Success ! alas ! I have not deserved it—but, my Father, whose life has been one scene of pure unsullied goodness, for his sake, Heaven may extend its mercy, and change our present misery, to joy unutterable—(*Lord GLENTHORN timidly advances.*)—What do I see ? Delaval,

here! this shock at least might have been spared me.

*Lord G.* Cecil!

*Cecil.* Ah! leave me—'tis not my wish to upraid you, Delaval, therefore leave me—lest suffering under anguish, great, sure, as ever human breast endured, I vent my feelings in reproach and bitterness.

*Lord G.* Spare me not, Cecil; pour deepest curses on my head—I have deserved them all.

*Cecil.* No, Delaval; in my acutest moments of affliction, when scarcely mistress of my desperate thoughts, I have recollected that you were the father of my infant, and all my maledictions have been changed to fervent prayers for your repentance.

*Lord G.* Those prayers were heard, my Cecil: truer contrition never touched a sinner's heart, that that which Heaven has awakened here—by that remorse, and for our tender infant's sake, let me conjure you—

*Cecil.* Delaval, desist! nor, by appealing to a mother's weakness, strive to shake a resolution which is now irrevocable.

*Lord G.* At your suspicions of my sincerity, Cecil, I have no right to feel offended—your worst reproaches cannot wound more keenly than those of my own self-accusing conscience! but by my regenerated heart I swear, that every future hour of my life shall prove my truth, every faculty of my soul be bent to repair the wrongs that I have done you, and bring back peace and comfort to your heart.

*Cecil.* Peace! O, cast a look within yon cell, behold my father, driven to madness by my guilt, then tell me where a wretch like me should look for peace! That your sentiments have undergone a change so conducive to your future welfare,

Heaven knows how truly I rejoice!—for me, I have imposed a sacred duty upon myself, to which every instant, every thought, must be assiduously dedicated—to your protection I dare now assign our child; it would have eased my afflicted heart to have wept over him sometimes; but to comfort I have no claim, and even that sorrowful consolation I will forego for his advantage—receive him, Delaval! teach him to shun the vices which have destroyed our happiness, and never, Oh! never let him know the wretched being to whom he owes existence!

*Lord G. (Striking his forehead.)* Fool! Fool! what a treasure hast thou cast away!

*[Exeunt severally.]*

#### SCENE IV.

*A Room in Stanley's House.*

*Enter O'DONOLAN and Sir H. CHOMLEY.*

*O'Don.* Had I not sworn to renounce all jealousy for the future, I should feel inclined to give way to something like ill-humour, during this separation from Lady Emily; and how you can be so composed under your privation, is to me marvellous! I'm sure I shan't be able to keep my temper long.

*Sir Hen.* I tell you what, my friend, 'tis a devilish bad one, and the sooner you get rid of it the better; but the truth is, I am too happy to be out of humour at any thing that can happen—and had you employed yourself as I have done, you would have had no leisure for irritability—the secret of happiness, is occupation, and the true art of attaching man or woman, the constant endeavour to make yourself useful—take my word

for it, a woman of spirit soon grows tired of a fellow who can do nothing but languish and look soft—there's too little variety in sighs and groans; for, when you have breathed your longest Oh! you have reached your climax, and there's an end of you.

*O'Don.* And how the devil can I help looking soft! Well, that you should choose to walk into a dirty lumber-room and tumble over fusty old pictures and broken china, when you ought to have been elevated to the seventh heaven with delight, is past my comprehension.

*Sir Hen.* I think it good policy to be concerned as far as possible in every thing which gives pleasure to others; and trifling as the circumstance may appear, my having assisted in hunting out the family pictures, if they should contribute to Mr. Fitzharding's recovery, will not only ensure me Lady Emily's good wishes, but I shall have the satisfaction also of knowing, that I had some little share in producing so desirable an event; and I hope that's better than being, like you, happy till you are quite miserable.

*Enter Lady EMILY.*

*Lady E.* Come, come; every thing is in readiness—Fitzharding is arrived, and tho' hitherto kept in total darkness, has been perfectly tranquil—the room that we have selected for our scene of action, is, in every particular, restored to the same state it was in when he himself inhabited this house. My own agitation is scarcely less than that of Cecil; who, flushed with anxiety and wild with hope, is looking more animatedly beautiful than she could have done even in her days of happiness—pray come, for the moment of trial is at hand.

*O'Don.* Are there no more tables and chairs to move then? Ah, now, can't *I* make myself useful by taking some sort of trouble?

*Lady E.* I am afraid not, Colonel; so for the present, you must content yourself with being merely ornamental.

*O'Don.* O then, that will suit me to a hair; for sure I can be that without any trouble at all.

[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE V.

*A Room in Stanly's House, hung with Pictures; a full length of Cecil, playing upon the Harp occupies the centre: it is covered by a green Curtain.*

FITZHARDING, STANLY, *Lady EMILY*, Sir H. CHOMLEY, *Mrs. BELMORE*, and O'DONOLAN, *discovered.*

*Fitz.* Yes, I remember now, 'twas there, on summer evenings I used to sit with one, too dearly loved, and watch the sun-beams sparkling in the stream.

*Sir Hen.* And shall again, I hope, Sir.

*Fitz.* Never, never; she was snatched from me by the damned artifices of a human fiend—Oh! never, never!

*Stan.* Stung by remorse, and eager to repair the wrongs that he has done you—he comes to give her to your arms again, and crave your blessing on their union.

*Fitz.* For shame, for shame! falsehood but ill becomes that silvered head.

*Stan.* By Heaven——

*Fitz.* You mock me, Sir; I tell you she is dead—Poor Cecil! Cold! cold! cold!

*Lady E. (Drawing back the curtain.)* Has not this portrait some resemblance to her?

*Fitz.* Ha! hide her, hide her! she has shot lightning thro' my veins!—and see, see, see, at her command, the spirits of departed joys flit quickly by, pointing and grinning at me as they pass—Oh! let me fly—*(as he is rushing off, she plays and sings “Tears such as,” &c.)*—Why, yes, that voice! and yet, O, tell me, art thou real, or sent by Hell to tantalize and torture me?

*Cecil. (Rising in the frame.)*—Oh! my beloved father!

*Fitz. (In extacy.)*—Ha! 't is not illusion—for by the thick pulsation of my heart, I feel 't is she, my long-lost child, my much-loved, erring, and forgiven Cecil! *(They rush into each other's arms, then Cecil falls at his feet, and embraces his knees).*

*Lady E.* This is a spectacle, on which even Heaven smiles—Repentance, kneeling at the feet of Mercy! *(The Curtain falls, and the Play concludes).*

THE END.

# EPILOGUE.

BY JAMES SMITH, ESQ.

SPOKEN BY MR. LISTON, AS GOOSEQUILL THE POET.

*Walks on disordered, then attempts to walk off.*

They've fasten'd the door—O Lord what shall I do!

I'll bolt thro' the other—they've bolted that too!

I'm hoarse—I'm-hysterick—I can't speak a note!

I really feel quite a lump in my throat!

I'm Goosequill the Poet—Lord! don't look so queer;

If you doubt I'm a Poet—why only look here—

[*Shews his ragged elbow.*]

I lodge in Fleet Street, where they sell sassafras,

You must know the shop—it is lit up with gas

From cellar to garret; my bed-room can't hide me—

When I put on my night-cap, the whole parish 'spied me!

As my cash wasn't ready for next quarter-day,

Says I, "What's to be done?"—Says my wife, "Write a play."

Oh Genius Dramatic! thou sweetest of blisses;

It hits for a certain—unless where it misses!

Ecod, its rare fun!—if it wasn't for hisses.

When my play was fair copied—top-heavy with joy all,

I walk'd thro' the Strand to the Theatre Royal.

I chanced, in my ramble, a fine girl to see—

I lik'd her of course, and, of course, she lik'd me.

I wanted to-kiss her—the devil take gas!

My wife on the opposite side chanc'd to pass,

And seeing me, scream'd in a jezabel yell,

"O ho! Mr. Goosequill! that's you! very well!"

I took to my heels, and to Bow Street came soon,

Where a poor girl was had up for stealing a spoon.

Her friends were in tears; it was all six and seven—

There should have been twelve—but she counted eleven.

The Justice was stern, and her heart seem'd to fail her;

I didn't keep house, yet I offer'd to bail her;

When a fur-coated buck, in a chimney-pot hat,

Cried, "Psha! its the *Maid and the Magpie*, you flat!"

How d'ye like Smiles and Tears? If you smile I'll be skittish—

I'll dine at the Bedford!—I'll sup at the British!

I'll buy Mrs. Goosequill a Frenchified bonnet;

I'll walk to Blackheath—but I mustn't walk on it!

I'm off! verbum sat!—Critics down with your rod:

If you damn Smiles and Tears, you will send me to quod,

I must quit my sky-parlour, to 'scape John Doe's clutches,

And bolt thro' the air—like the Devil on Crutches!





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